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Progress Reached Our Valley

HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW

Suburb vs. Ghetto
THE MORAL DILEMMA OF ZONING

DAVID K. SHIPLER

Eugene Goodheart on Paul Goodman

New England Towns / Joseph E. Illick

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LETTERS

that's what's in a name

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Vice President Agnew, with his attacks on the media, the academic community, etc., continues to behave like a bull in a china shop. The china shop in this case is the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and the whole delicate fabric of checks and balances built into the American system of government to protect the individual against abuse by those in power. Accordingly, anything that contributes to understanding the man may be helpful. The change of his family name may be a case in point.

Mr. Agnew's name used to be the same as mine, Anagnostopoulos, although we are not related. That long name derives its roots from the word "gnosis" which means "knowledge," and the word "anagnosis" which means "reading."

During the dark centuries of the Ottoman Empire, when the occupying Turks prohibited Greek schools and deliberately fomented illiteracy, those who managed to learn to read and write had enough distinction to show it in their name. Anagnostopoulos, then, meant "man of knowledge," and was adopted just as others adopted the names Baker, Smith, Taylor, et al. When the Vice President Anglicized his name, he changed it to Agnew, a sound that comes nearest to the Greek word "agnea" which means "ignorance." So, the Vice President changed his name from "man of knowledge" to "man of ignorance." I consider this distortion of a respected family name unfortunate, even though Mr. Agnew has been trying hard to live up to his current name.

Aris Anagnos, C.L.U.
(formerly Aristides Anagnostopoulos)

Stravinsky replies

Haute-Savoie, France

Dear Sirs: Prof. Simon Karlinsky's review of some recent books concerning my music, [*The Nation*, June 15] is so generous to me that I feel ungrateful taking issue, as I shall, with some points both of fact and of emphasis. "Igor Glebov's brilliant *A Book About Stravinsky* was published in 1930," Karlinsky writes. *My* copy was published in 1929; I have it with me, by coincidence, and I have been reading the rubrics with which I decorated it at the time; they, at least, call for a radically different kind of adjective. But Karlinsky also commends another, more recent, Soviet publication, Vershinina's study of my early ballets, more highly than I would have, gratified as I was to find such a change of heart toward my music in my native land, as well as such vastly improved musicological standards.

Vershinina's book includes an essay, "What I Wanted to Express in *The Rite of Spring*." Karlinsky says that "It was written by the composer immediately after finishing the score and published in the journal *Muzyka* in 1913. In the Russian text of that essay there is a curious stylistic spillover from the ballet: Stravinsky uses the same archaic, shamanistic, bogyman style he devised for the titles of various sections of the music." This is even more curious than Karlinsky suspects for I did not write that essay. It was concocted by a French journalist, and the Russian version is a translation. I disavowed the essay not only at the time, moreover, but on several later occasions, which explains why it has never been reprinted outside the USSR. Nor are the titles of the ballet movements mine, except for a "nonexistent Russian word" which Karlinsky objects to, but which, perhaps only because I coined it, I still like. The other titles were composed by my co-scenarist, Nicolas Roerich. Karlinsky does not like my new English rendering

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EDITORIALS

The Good Collaborators

After the Nixon Administration's farcical attempt to extract from its hand-picked mission a favorable report on its Indo-China policies (editorial, "The Klein Mission," *The Nation*, June 29), the House of Representatives decided to send out there a twelve-man bipartisan committee of its own. The composition of the group was hardly one to inspire confidence—it contained only a single dove, Rep. Augustus F. Hawkins of California. Unexpectedly, Mr. Hawkins, along with another Democrat, Rep. William R. Anderson of Tennessee, and a Congressional aide, Thomas R. Harkin, exploded a bombshell. Against the wishes and despite the protests of Frank E. Walton, described as director of the Public Safety Directorate, the trio got into the "tiger cage" area of the Con Son prison, located on an island 60 miles off the coast and normally secure against prying eyes. The resulting publicity embarrassed the White House, the American Embassy in Saigon, and the U.S. bureaucrats who maintain liaison with the Thieu-Ky government.

Two weeks after the revelations on conditions in the prison—shocking even for South Vietnam—the U.S. Embassy held a press conference in an effort to repair some of the damage. An official, who would not allow his name to be used, explained that the Public Safety Directorate is a "small effort, consisting of five civilians and seven military personnel," with a budget of only $442,000. Its purpose, according to a report in *The New York Times* (July 17) is "to assist the Vietnamese police in all phases of public safety." Conditions at Con Son were not so bad, the official contended, and the prisoners were in "reasonably good health." This statement, it turned out, was based on a report by a prison trusty, i.e., a collaborator with the prison administration.

Meanwhile, the Saigon government had flown 500 Con Son inmates, from a total population of about 9,000, to Saigon for release. The condition of one of the freed men, a 28-year-old village tailor, was described by Gloria Emerson in *The New York Times* (July 19). He could not walk or stand because he had been shackled, beaten, and deprived of sufficient food and water and exercise. The prisoners, he said, drank urine when their thirst became unbearable. This prisoner had been locked up at Con Son for four years and seven months, without trial. He denied any connection with the Vietcong.

Along similar lines, Dr. Marjorie Nelson of the American Friends Service Committee testified in Washington before the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations on the maltreatment and torture of inmates in mainland prisons and interrogation centers, including prisoners turned over to the South Vietnamese by the American military. The subcommittee's interest is based on the fact that the South Vietnamese penal system, which accommodates more than 45,000 civilian prisoners, most of them accused of political "offenses," is financed, wholly or in part, with American aid funds.

Apparently the task of a major part of the U.S. bureaucracy in Vietnam is to cover up the atrocities of the South Vietnamese. Representative Hawkins described Con Son

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as "a symbol of how some American officials will cooperate in corruption and torture because they want to see the war continued and the government they put in power protected." This is a shameful aspect of Vietnamization that has been too long neglected.

The Crisis of Law

Law is not enforced, and crime is not checked, by national hysteria. Herman Schwartz's article in this issue (p. 70) portrays S.30, the "Organized Crime Control Act of 1969," as a prime example of public and legislative concern getting out of control, and resorting to measures that can only make a bad situation worse.

President Nixon has not established a reputation for statesmanlike qualities, but the measures he originally proposed for a bill to combat crime in the District of Columbia were relatively moderate. Members of the House, sensing an opportunity to soothe fearful constituents, added provisions which were put into legal language in the Department of Justice and thus became Administration policy. Some of these provisions were so dubious from a constitutional standpoint that the bill was stalled in a Senate-House conference committee for four months. In an election year almost everything said or done in Washington takes on a partisan complexion, so it was quite natural for some members of the Administration, including the President, to condemn the Congress for procrastination in protecting the mass of honest Americans against criminals, rioting college students, drug addicts and the like. Finally a compromise was reached by a margin of one vote and the bill was reported out. It empowered judges to keep defendants deemed a menace to society in jail for periods up to two months, pending trial. Another provision called for mandatory sentencing for certain crimes, including life imprisonment for a third offense. Juveniles could be tried as adults at age 16, instead of 18. The "no-knock" entry clause was another controversial innovation. Of course the police frequently burst into living quarters without legal sanction, but now, in certain cases, they were given freedom to do so. A particularly bizarre clause made anyone who sued a policeman for false arrest liable for the officer's legal expenses, even if the officer lost the case. Thus another barrier was raised against an innocent citizen calling a policeman to account for wrongful actions.

The House passed the compromise version embodying these provisions by a vote of 332 to 64. The Senate is normally more cautious in such matters, and Sen. Sam Ervin used strong language; he called it "a garbage pail of . . . repressive, nearsighted, intolerant, unfair and vindictive legislation. . . ." Despite such philippics, coming from one of the most respected constitutional lawyers in the Senate, the bill passed by the substantial vote of 54 to 33 and will undoubtedly be signed by the President.

When it becomes law, its opponents will attack it in

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: July 13, July 27, August 10, August 24.

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the courts. While it applies only to the District of Columbia, it is proposed as a model for legislation everywhere in the country. Thus broadly applied, it is, as Senator Ervin says, a blueprint for a police state. There are many things that can be done to combat crime, such as penal reform and speeding up court procedure; eviscerating the Constitution is no way to go about it.

Police Mob

There's too much due process of law. The electric chair is a cheap crime deterrent. . . . In order to get promoted in the Panthers, you have to kill a cop.

Periods of social upheaval, like the present, encourage poisonous rant, and one should not dissipate energy by reacting to every monstrous utterance by every hysterical extremist. But the above views do not come from the incontinent fringe of society; they are quoted from a speech made last week in Montreal by a Vice President of the International Conference of Police Chiefs, speaking to that body's annual conference. The speaker was Detective Sergeant John Heffernan, head of the New Jersey State Police Benevolent Association, and a candidate for the presidency of the ICPA.

Sergeant Heffernan went on to say: "I don't believe in indiscriminate shooting, but we're going to protect lives and property." It is of course comforting to hear a peace officer assert that he does not subscribe to random gunfire, and in point of fact police officers have traditionally been armed in order that they may protect lives (including their own). In this country at least, they have also been permitted to kill in order to save property, the only arguments that normally arise being over how expensive a piece of property is worth a life.

Heffernan also stated that law-enforcement officers "are not going to stand back and watch these people throw firebombs, rocks and bottles, and just apprehend them. It all boils down to meeting force with superior force." By "superior force" the sergeant obviously means firearms, and his statement flouts the basic function of a policeman: that he shall apprehend—not judge or punish—anyone thought to have offended against the law.

Heffernan himself offends against the law—he urges fellow officers to take it into their own hands, thus advocating that the police cease to be a force and become a mob. As he spoke, another youth died in a police fusillade during an outbreak of campus disorder, bringing the total of such deaths to eight during this spring and summer.

No one pretends that police work is not difficult and often dangerous; no one doubts that the polarization of American society on the issues of war and race has made the policeman's job much harder. But when Heffernan promises that policemen are ready to move against "any persons or groups that profess violence, whether on the campuses or anywhere else," when he threatens that the police will either practice "on-the-street" justice or go on strike unless governments and courts act against police killers, he is not protesting that his job is too tough for him—he is threatening to throw away his badge and turn vigilante.

If it is true that we are suffering a period of unusual violence, then it follows that the police must more than ever respect, enforce and stand as the symbol for the law. If they see social turmoil as a license to adopt the standards of their real or alleged enemies, the predictable result will be guerrilla warfare in the streets. The policeman has powers granted to no other citizen, but these are assigned to him by the public, for its own benefit, not for his. When he forgets that, he becomes an exceedingly dangerous man.

Lockheed Joins the Bread Line

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the nation's No. 1 defense contractor, has been approaching insolvency for some time. The condition has not been the less real because it was unofficial, and newspaper references were to the "troubled" corporation. The same euphemism was applied to Penn Central before it acknowledged that it could not meet its obligations. There are a number of other big companies in a similar state of suspended animation, the result of years of reckless stock manipulation, faith that the securities markets would rise forever, and a belief that conglomerates would dominate the industry of the coming decades.

The downfall of Lockheed is the result of a system of weapons procurement under which big contractors took little risk and the government stood ready to bail them out when necessary—assisted by the banks which had lent money on the assumption of that very government guarantee. It differed from other situations of the same general type in that its cost overruns were so great that even the Pentagon was fearful of making up the difference. Lockheed has had chronic operating difficulties for several years.

No less than four of its big defense contracts show costs far in excess of those originally agreed on. The giant C-5A cargo aircraft alone would account for much of the Lockheed-Pentagon difficulties, but the Cheyenne attack helicopter, the SRAM short-range attack missile, and the company's shipyard subsidiary are also in difficulty. Besides these sick projects, Lockheed has the L-1011 commercial jet, scheduled to go into full production this fall, for which additional large amounts of cash will be required.

There are also bookkeeping problems. It is said that $175 million of a $320-million line of bank credit, designed to finance the L-1011, was diverted to the C-5A. Even so, Lockheed cannot proceed with the latter. There have also been reports that when the extent of the overrun on the C-5A became known in Lockheed's ruling circles, and among employees, there was heavy selling of stock by insiders. The Securities and Exchange Commission has investigated, but nothing has been spread on the public record.

Lockheed wants the Pentagon to shell out $600 million to cover the overruns. The Pentagon is in no position, politically, to comply. However, a $200-million "contingency fund" is included in the $20.2 billion military procurement authorization bill which is pending in the Senate. Lockheed might get by with a total of $430 million, of which the government would have to provide $300 million, either directly or by guaranteeing bank loans.

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According to a story in *The New York Times* (July 22), twenty-four banks are prepared to furnish the balance required to keep Lockheed afloat—but only if the government will provide Lockheed with the $300 million.

Sen. William Proxmire has been a persistent critic of the Pentagon's procurement policies in general and of the Lockheed situation in particular. He is determined to eliminate the $200 million item from the appropriation bill. That would leave Lockheed, and its creditors, in a forlorn state.

In a larger sense, the question posed recently by Professor Galbraith is relevant. Why should corporations, operating largely with government money and government facilities, continue to masquerade as "private" business? If they can't meet their obligations, if they combine all the bad features of government and private operations, why not nationalize them? The results could hardly be worse, and at least the responsibility could be pinned down.

Spain Wants More

The government of Francisco Franco has received $50 million, plus $35 million in credits, pending a new agreement on the American bases in Spain. It stands to get between $200 million and $300 million more, spread over five years. It has recently been flattered by visits from both Secretary Laird and Secretary Rogers. The latter snubbed the members of the moderate opposition who sought a meeting with him, giving Franco an opportunity to crack down on such conservatives as the Count de Motrico, who had served as Franco's ambassador in Washington, Buenos Aires and Paris. Nevertheless, the Franco regime is unhappy. Its unhappiness is not acute: the agreement for the bases will be renewed. But two years ago it was dreaming of a round billion in military aid, and it would like a full-fledged military alliance with the United States, protecting it against not only the Russians but against Mediterranean neighbors who would be glad to get their hands on the phosphate deposits in the Spanish Sahara.

The renewal of the agreement was never in jeopardy. The Pentagon values the Spanish bases higher than ever before, since the Mediterranean has become an acute trouble spot, with Russian and American war vessels eyeing each other (including, on the American side, Polaris submarines) and the U.S. Air Force no longer in possession of the Wheelus air base in Libya. The Spaniards need American money, American arms and the prestige of a military agreement with the United States. Spain is not a dearly beloved dictatorship. It has no alliances and an agreement with the United States is better than nothing.

The existing base agreement, dating back to 1963, states that a threat to either signatory would be a matter of common concern and each would "take such action as it may consider appropriate within the framework of its constitutional processes." In plain English, or plain Spanish, that obligates either party to act precisely as it sees fit at the time. Moreover, not only constitutional processes are involved but domestic politics. The Nixon Administration, entangled in Indo-China and with the Senate challenging the President's war-making powers, would not deem it prudent to include in the base agreements a commitment to come to Spain's aid in the event of attack or insurrection. It will, however, try to compensate for this denial with destroyers, aircraft, tanks and funds.

Franco's admirals and generals are not without American protection in concrete form. Whatever the language of the agreements, the presence of the bases on Spanish soil is inherently protective. We may not promise to protect the Spanish army, navy and air force, but we certainly will protect the bases, which in effect play the role of hostages. So, even if Franco is denied a formal treaty, he has little real cause to feel aggrieved. Such recriminations as he chooses to express may be regarded as part of the negotiating process. It may net him a few more millions of the American taxpayers' money.

A Little Sand

Two of Con Edison's generators, which together supply about 16 per cent of the electric power consumed by the New York City area, are out of commission and will remain so for the rest of the summer. Spokesmen for the utility express hope that it can squeak through until fall; they rely on cooperation from the weather—it must not turn too hot for too long.

On July 21, the New York subway system suffered its third accident involving the injury or death of passengers since May 20. A report by the city's Transportation Administration, investigating the first accident, in which two persons were killed, places its emphasis on the quality of the operating personnel. But subway riders have been bedeviled for years by breakdowns—caused principally by faulty doors and faulty brakes—that are not under the control of the men who operate the trains. It is an open secret that subway maintenance has been reduced as part of an economy program that has tried, quite unsuccessfully, to avoid fare increases. Doors that fail to close are merely the visible signs of a general deterioration that has now reached the killing point.

It is a cliché of social commentators that the great modern city is one of man's most fragile structures. It is a miracle of ingenious complexity and only a few pinches of sand are required to bring it to a halt. New Yorkers are now beginning to feel the effects of that abrasion. There is every reason to suppose that they will feel more, because there is little they can do in response. Con Edison does not report to the people; it reports to the Public Service Commission. The subways are not run by the city; they are run by the Metropolitan Transportation Authority whose chairman, William Ronan, reports to Governor Rockefeller in Albany. The democratic way to deal with public incompetence is to vote it out of office, but the incompetence implicit in Con Edison's prayers for favorable weather and the MTA's continuing allegation that the subways are safe enjoys tenure. "Power to the People" is a radical slogan, but in the context of these extremely dangerous breakdowns of basic metropolitan services it might well become the rallying cry of middle-of-the-road indignation.

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S.30: 'The Seeds of Repression'

HERMAN SCHWARTZ
Mr. Schwartz is a professor of law at the State University of Buffalo. He has published widely in the area of criminal law and procedure, and at the invitation of the House Judiciary Committee appeared this June before one of its subcommittees holding hearings on S.30.

As dissension, repression and crime rates all increase, more people are becoming involved with the criminal law as sources of information, suspects or defendants. At the same time, hacking away at the rights of such people has become one of Congress' favorite preoccupations. Two years ago, Robert F. Kennedy's assassination provided the impetus to ram through legislation attacking the Supreme Court's confession and lineup decisions, and to grant vast electronic surveillance authority. In mid-July, a Senate-House Conference Committee agreed on a District of Columbia Crime Bill which authorizes preventive detention, police entry in a home without warning, some very harsh sentences, and the requirement that a citizen suing a policeman for false arrest pay for the officer's lawyer even if the citizen wins. And pending before the House Judiciary Committee is S.30, the so-called "Organized Crime Control Act of 1969."

This bill is the creation of Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, probably the Senate's foremost law-and-order zealot. Though shrewdly labeled an "organized crime" bill, its provisions apply indiscriminately to a wide range of offenses, most of which are quite minor and many completely unrelated to that politically irresistible *bête noire*. Almost every single one of its ten titles raises fundamental constitutional and policy questions about such matters as grand jury powers, illegally obtained evidence, organized crime and legitimate business, long-term sentencing, self-incrimination and due process of law. Nevertheless, until recently the bill stimulated almost no resistance, except from civil liberties groups. Introduced in January 1969, it passed the Senate a year later by a startling 73-to-1 margin, and its prospects in the House seemed equally good.

In Chairman Emanuel Celler's Judiciary Committee, however, the atmosphere seems to have changed abruptly. With respect to both policy and draftsmanship, the bill has suddenly come under severe attack. Surprisingly enough, this opposition has been led by establishment bar groups of the sort that rarely oppose legislation directed against organized crime. For example, the Judicial Conference of the United States disapproved five of the bill's titles, as did the twenty-three-man Council of the Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association. The New York County Lawyers Association and the National League of Counties objected to parts of the bill. The most elaborate criticism came from the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. This group, rarely given to extreme rhetoric, called the bill "almost Kafkaesque" in some of its aspects, and in an exhaustive 52-page analysis concluded that it not only contains "the seeds of repression" but "frequently hits targets that were not intended and misses those which were." The bill's sponsor, Senator McClellan, responded by charging that "the influence of organized crime is being brought to bear to prevent the enactment of this law."

One major innovation in the bill is a provision allowing imprisonment of "dangerous special offenders" for up to thirty years. Such a sentence may be based on rumor and hearsay, since the bill expressly states that "no limitation shall be placed on the information" relied on for such sentencing; the judge may also keep some of this information secret from the defendant for "compelling reasons," thereby preventing any challenge to its reliability or significance.

Augmented sentences for persistent offenders, though

Huffaker, News & Observer (Raleigh, N.C.)
"Dey Went Datta Way"

new to federal law, are common in state codes, but they are generally agreed to be of almost no penological value, especially in the context of organized crime. Moreover, S.30 goes much further than do the state laws; it would allow a hanging judge to impose these punishments not only on racketeers but on such minor criminals as bad-check passers, shoplifters and burglars, as well as virtually anyone convicted of conspiracy. That last category could, of course, include such unpopular political figures as Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale and Benjamin Spock.

The section most obviously aimed at organized crime, Title IX, is offered as an attempt to prevent penetration of legitimate businesses by racketeers. Carefully analyzed, however, the bill turns out to be a way to harass those convicted of two offenses (again they can be very minor: possession of marijuana or gambling, for example) by

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forcing public disclosure of the complete financial affairs of anyone with whom they have even a marginal business association.

The rather technical Title VII, which would reverse the Supreme Court's decision in *Alderman* v. *United States*, has received the most publicity and criticism. In 1969 the Court ruled that as soon as a defendant proved illegal wire tapping or bugging—no easy task—he could examine the tapes of all the conversations overheard, to determine whether they were the source of any evidence used against him. The Justice Department had tried unsuccessfully to bar such disclosure unless the judge first found in a private examination that the tapes were "arguably relevant" to the trial. After losing a much publicized petition for rehearing in the Supreme Court, the Department turned to friendlier forums, and Senator McClellan introduced legislation incorporating the Department's position in *Alderman*.

But the zealous Senator apparently found the Department's position too modest, for Title VII goes much further than the Department even now declares necessary: it restricts disclosure not only where wire tapping is at issue but also where any other kind of illegality is shown; it requires, as an additional prerequisite to disclosure, an affirmative judicial finding that the disclosure be "in the interest of justice," whatever that may mean; and finally, the bill imposes a five-year limitation on challenges to illegally obtained evidence.

These further restrictions on disclosure would seriously undercut the many exclusionary rules growing out of *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, *United States* v. *Wade*, and other decisions designed to curb the varying kinds of official lawlessness by excluding their fruits. Unless he can obtain access to the illegally obtained evidence, it is usually impossible for a defendant to know whether it is being used, and until such use is proved the exclusionary rule is inoperative. For this and other reasons, most experts consider even the Justice Department's more limited position to be unconstitutional, but no one can predict how a Nixon-constituted Court may rule.

Other provisions of this prosecutors' windfall would allow the summary jailing for as long as thirty-six months and without bail or even a trial of a witness who refuses to testify before a grand jury; would allow grand juries to make public reports of noncriminal official misconduct, without adequate safeguards against unfairly developed or vague charges; would abandon the long-standing two-witness requirement for conviction in perjury cases; would allow an almost unprecedented and probably unconstitutional government appeal from a sentence. And a provision, formerly Title II, but now a separate bill, would seriously weaken the privilege against self-incrimination by forcing people to testify in return for less protection than has generally been considered constitutionally required, and which in any event will prove illusory in practice.

The outburst of concern about S.30 probably comes too late. The House Judiciary Committee, despite the efforts of Chairman Celler, has not been an impressively effective shield against the current law-and-order hysteria, though it is probably one of the best available in Congress today. And once the bill gets out of committee, it is likely to sail through the House. A few responsible and powerful members of the Judiciary Committee may be sufficiently impressed by the stature of the critics and the soundness of their criticism to insist on a thorough revision before it gets to the floor. But even if that happens, S. 30 will probably give the Bill of Rights still another battering—no mere revision can overcome the hostility to constitutional rights that animates and pervades this entire bill. □

PROGRESS REACHED OUR VALLEY

HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW
Mrs. Arnow, born in Wayne County, Kentucky, is the author of The Dollmaker *(Macmillan), along with other novels and two social histories of the Cumberland pioneers.*

We were fools of course, but the abandoned 160-acre farm on Little Indian Creek of the Big South Fork of the Cumberland in Kentucky seemed perfect for a couple who wanted to get away from the city world of 1939. We planned to live simply, farming only enough to grow our food. This would leave plenty of time for doing what we wanted to do; for me, that meant writing.

Surrounded by green walls of hillside woodlands, cut by the creek, bordered by the river, the land was cheap, beautiful and remote. U.S. 27 was only 10 miles away, but after 2 miles or so of graveled road to the Cumberland National Forest fire tower, the way was dirt and rock that worsened as it left the ridge to wind down the creek valley, crossing at last as our place was reached. A good, all-weather road being built on the ridge top by W.P.A. would in time reach our valley; it was already nearing our post office, to which mail came three times a week. The word was little used then, but our place was on the western edge of what is now called Appalachia.

Climbing out of the creek bed, the Model A in second, the first thing seen of our place was a large dilapidated barn surrounded by rolling pasture grown up in brush and weeds. The high ridges fell back, leaving room near the barn for a large frame house, almost as ramshackle as the barn, but at the time we bought the place, rented by an itinerant preacher with a large family. A wagon road in fair shape passed below the house and then directly in front of a building that had once housed a store and post office. It went on through a cedar thicket, crossed a spring branch walled by young poplars, then up a limestone ledge, and there was the house where we intended to live. The place had long ago begun as a log house, two huge rooms below, two above. The splendid chimney of hand-

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hewn stone was even older. According to an elderly neighbor, it had been put up first for a house built around 1803 that had stood some distance away above the river. The log part of the house was older than the memories of our oldest neighbors. Some did remember when there had been a sawmill in the valley, and when two framed rooms, one above and one below, porches and a separate kitchen, had been added. The whole, including the log part had then been weatherboarded and the inside walls and ceilings covered with narrow tongue and groove planking.

Our older neighbors could remember the last couple to spend all their married lives in the house; they'd lived in plenty and brought up a big family. They'd used the separate kitchen, gone now; the fallen-down porches had been painted white and covered with vines. All the children were long since grown up and moved away, and the old couple had been out there in the graveyard for more than twenty years. After that, first one and then another had lived on the place, and they had let it go to rack and ruin.

What had once been a stone root house with log smokehouse above was now only a hole in the hillside, half filled with blocks of stone, overrun with honeysuckle and infested with snakes. A few other blocks of stone down by the spring were the only reminders of the springhouse. Old and long-neglected apple trees, with a few quince and plums gone wild, were all that was left of a large orchard.

The place was traced with paths and roads, some so worn by generations of human and animal feet that one walked between walls of earth and rock, narrowed yet more by large pines grown in the path. I wondered why so many roads; one, wagon-wide, was cut through rock down to the Big South Fork; others, deeply worn, but now thick with pines went into the Cumberland National Forest where no one lived. In time, I followed many of the paths, until in the forest I would reach a dead apple tree, a chimney looking small among the pines, or now and then a piece of rotted fence rail. Our valley, now so still and empty, had once had many passers-by. An older neighbor, born in the valley, told me that a church had stood in the corner of one of our fields long before her day. I could find no trace of it.

Some years ago, when the place was on its way down, the hillside fields, heretofore pasture, had been put in corn. The slope was too great for row crops; erosion had begun and grown worse with the years, until the steeper faces were gullied through the red clay down to the rocky bones of the hill. Standing as reminders of the big timber that had once covered that now emasculated hillside was a clump of giant white oaks on a small, fairly level shelf. I wondered why they had been left, until walking among them one day, I stepped into a leaf-covered hole much longer than it was deep; one end of the depression was filled with an oblong block of sandstone. The carving, done no doubt by a neighbor or relative, was now illegible. I asked, but nobody knew who was buried there.

Ours seemed to be a place from which all things had been taken—timber, earth and at last people. Generations ago this community like others in the hills had furnished settlers for the West; they'd gone hoping for more and better land. That frontier closed, the better educated had gone north to practice their professions, often teaching. The less fortunate had usually been welcomed as factory workers. There had been a great exodus during and for some years after World War I; many had gone as soldiers, more as workers, taking their families. The depression had sent back many, some destitute. Hill counties bore the burden.

We never used the hillside field, but tried to check the gullies. The house, with its back to the gullied hillside, sat on a wide bench of land that sloped gently down to the creek bluff. This rolling land and a narrow strip of fertile soil below the river bluff was more than enough land for our needs. The roughest, and what I thought the most beautiful part of our place, was the 60 or so acres on the towering ridge side across the creek, never plowed, all in young timber. I never tired of looking at it and at the forested land on either side. It was a varied sight: beech and maple on the lower slopes, oak and poplar higher up, and on the crest itself great pines that for some reason had never been cut. The view changed not only with the seasons but, like the sea, with the weather and the time of day.

From our place we could see no dwelling, but at the time of our coming eleven other families lived in the valley. Only three of these were landowners, but six of the eight landless families were close relatives of the owners and lived on their land.

The neighbor up the creek whose land joined ours had the largest holding—600 or 700 acres on which he, one son and two sons-in-law had separate establishments. This landowner was the only full-time farmer in the valley. His wide creek valleys and hillside benches were fertile enough for corn, cane, hay, potatoes and a large garden. His was a prosperous household, a place something like our own had once been, needing little from outside.

He had a small blacksmith shop, and could shoe his own mules, make or mend tools, and keep his farm machinery in good repair. In our valley he had the only wagon and team, mowing machine and sorghum molasses mill with evaporator. I particularly enjoyed invitations to visit the family's root house. A great room dug into the hillside, it seemed always overflowing with apples, potatoes, crocks of molasses and honey. Shelves were filled with home-canned fruits, vegetables, preserves, jellies, pickles and kraut. His wife, like most of the women around us, canned a great deal.

More than enough cash came from the sale of honey, molasses and potatoes; his corn and hay went to cattle and hogs. These, along with chickens, provided fresh meat, a full smokehouse, with some surplus to sell. Now and then he also sold a stand of timber.

Our other immediate neighbor lived up the mountain across the creek. I learned from this couple much neighborhood history. They were well along in years, with all their children married but not gone. Two had homes on the family land, and two others were close enough for frequent visiting. The husband had grown feeble, but the old wife was still spry, and one of the most important women for miles around. She served as midwife for a large territory. Well experienced and with some training from County Health, she was seldom called to a case

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she couldn't handle. When dangerous complications did arise, she sent at once for the nearest doctor, who lived about 20 miles from most of her cases. He would come with whomever she sent, even leaving patients in his always crowded waiting room. He knew the emergency was grave when the midwife called for him; and he responded, with or without promise of pay.

I learned nothing of midwifery from my neighbor; she did not discuss her patients. However, she taught me many other things I needed to know in a life I soon discovered was far from simple. When planning our move with my husband, I had no qualms about my ability to be a hill wife. As a child living near a small town only 20 miles or so from the valley, I had become acquainted with kerosene light and the lack of central heating. Later, I had taught one term, boarding there, in a hill community more remote than this. I also knew a good deal about gardening.

I quickly learned that observation is one thing, experience another. In housewifery I was no match for the women around me. Ever busy, I was always behind. Darkness would come before I remembered to clean and fill the kerosene lamps. Keeping reasonably clean when using coal for both cooking and heating was a never-ending job. I was the only woman in the valley to use coal; my husband was no ax man, and coal from an old mine on our wooded land across the creek could be had for the hauling.

Laundry, cooking, cleaning—which for most of the women meant carrying water from a spring and heating it on an iron range or in a big kettle outdoors—were only the beginnings of the hill wife's labors. Early spring meant vegetable gardening and, time permitting, wild greens to gather. Soon it was time to pick and can wild strawberries; huckleberries were next with blackberries following close, and large families canned many gallons. A good many canned mushrooms. Children were not always trusted to pick greens and mushrooms, but for the gathering of other wild foods, whole families would go forth. Kraut making and tomato canning were soon upon the housewife, and in between the children to get ready for school that began in July. As the summer lengthened the garden needed less attention, but by then it was apple, bean, pumpkin and peach drying time.

Most families had at least one cow and some two, so as to have milk and butter the year around. Milking, caring for the milk, and making butter were all the work of the housewife, as was the care of the chickens that most of them had.

Save for our well-to-do neighbor, the midwife's aged husband and a newly married man with a full-time job on the W.P.A. road, the men in the valley could have been classified as part-time farmers. For most of them, the corn crop was only big enough to fatten the hogs and feed the chickens, with some left over for the cow and for bread corn. But at this time I heard of no hunger in

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the valley. If a family did run low, a relative was able to help, and our prosperous neighbor would take promise of cash or labor for corn, potatoes and other necessities.

These small farmers earned money in various ways. Some cut and hewed crossties for the Southern Railway, but the demand for these was not great, and there was little good crosstie timber. Most worked in small coal mines on land belonging to parents or in-laws. The three mines in the valley had never known inspector or union organizer; the workers were owners, engineers and managers, all in one. The seam was thin but had for years given paid work to several men. Little capital was needed; working with hand drills, picks and shovels, bringing the coal to the mouth of the mine in a hand car, they had to buy little except blasting powder, fuse, caps, and carbide for the lamps in their hats.

The work was carried on chiefly in fall and winter when there was a demand for coal in the homes along the highway or in the small town a few miles away. One of the miners once told me that he liked the work better than any he had ever done, for a mine was a good place to work: cool in summer, warm in winter and, nicest of all, no boss. On the far side of the ridge other small mines were worked in the same fashion. I never heard of an accident.

Trucking the coal was also a part-time job for several men, one in our valley. We had brought our few possessions into the valley in a two-wheeled trailer behind the Model A, making several trips with very small loads. When our ever helpful neighbors suggested that we use coal, I wondered how it could be brought from our mine up the mountain to the house. So-and-so could do it, they said, with no trouble; his truck could go anywhere.

A truck load of coal soon reached our place, apparently with no difficulty. The driver was of great help to us during the years we lived in the valley. Now and then some part of the truck went wrong or gave out completely, but he could either fix it or knew where to get a slightly younger part.

Some months after our arrival the W.P.A. road reached the ridge above us. This meant a much shorter and easier drive to the highway—if we could get the Model A up the mountain. When we tried it, the engine died. We were wondering what to do when two neighbor men came along; in that still valley everybody knew when and where a car stopped. One of the men told us that the car needed a good shaking. He explained that sometimes in a steep place the gravity-fed gas wouldn't run up to the motor: "Less'n you drive her right," he added.

The four of us gave it a good shaking. It came alive, and with orders to hurry on before the gas seeped back we jumped in and climbed the mountain. We never did learn what was right driving on a steep hill, too rough for anything above a crawl.

The valley people, both women and men, were masters of their environment; we were not. We could grow our own food but, slow workers that we were, had little time for anything else, and little money for the hiring of help. Our neighbors were polite, but could not conceal their curiosity. Most of them had visited us before we were more than a week in the valley; they asked no questions, but each went away with his own unspoken opinion. Some seemed suspicious, others contemptuous; but I think the most common attitude was compassionate wonder as to how a couple so ignorant and inept could ever manage.

It was probably compassion more than the desire for a different teacher that caused our neighbor up the creek to suggest that I teach the local school—if the other parents were willing. He had donated land in a corner of one of his fields for a school. He had also been a trustee for many years, and after trustees were abolished had continued to take great interest in the school. Two of his eleven children were still of school age, though several of his grandchildren were older than they.

The other parents were willing and I taught two seven-month terms in the valley. Our building was little different from hundreds of other one-room schools then in Appalachia: a stove in the center, no cloakroom, no toilets. By some unspoken agreement, well understood for generations of children, boys when the need arose went into the woods at one end of the building, girls went in the opposite direction. The children made a good attendance record, considering how far they had to walk in all kinds of weather, some as much as 3 miles each way. They dressed well enough, and always started the day neat and clean. They studied and on the whole were well behaved, a very great deal better than city children I had taught. Some of this I attribute to their fathers, who one by one came to let me know that if one of his children misbehaved he wanted to know. The school had a total enrollment of only eighteen the first year I taught, fewer still two years later.

There was another one-room school on the ridge top, a third in the valley beyond. The three school districts formed one voting precinct, were served by the same post office, and the three communities had several years ago built a church near the school on the ridge. A neighbor, telling me the story of the church, said that nobody could give much money, and some none at all, but that everyone gave work and such material as he had, usually timber for lumber. Our neighbor gave choice hardwoods, out of which other members with woodworking skills made pulpit and benches.

The three communities had also organized a non-dues-paying insurance society. Should a family lose home and furniture or barn by fire, other families contributed food and labor to the building of a new home, with such furnishings as could be made or donated. Serious illness was also a burden to be shared. Women would take turns at nursing and doing housework. Should a man fall sick and get behind in his farm tasks, somebody would suggest a working: while neighbor men and older children went into his fields, the women prepared and served a great dinner.

Death was not always a great financial burden. The nearest undertaking establishment was in the county seat. It was often simpler, and somehow more humane, for neighbors to lay out the dead and make the coffin than to put the corpse in whatever vehicle could reach the house and go jolting over rough roads to the place where the arranged-for hearse could be met.

Our neighbors seldom looked to the outside world

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for craftsmen. If new shakes were needed for a barn roof, word was sent to an elderly man on the ridge to come with his mallet and froe. The ridge also had a blacksmith, a man who could make or mend a chimney, and a miller who ground bread corn with a gasoline motor. The ridge school and the one in the farther valley were taught by a man and a woman who'd always lived in their districts save when they went away to school.

Several good strong baskets were a necessity. Ours, like others in the community, were woven by a man on the other side of the Big South Fork who, using only oak splints and no bit of metal, could make a basket good for a lifetime (at least mine have been in use for more than thirty years).

The W.P.A. road linking the ridge top with the highway brought a bit closer two outside services many needed and wanted—medical care and the opportunity to get a high school education while living at home. A year or so after the road was completed, the county began running a bus to a consolidated high school some 30 miles away. Heretofore, going to high school had meant boarding away from home, which only a few of the parents on the ridge had been able to afford.

Most of those around us enjoyed good health; yet more easily available medical services would have saved much suffering. County Health offered free immunization to schoolchildren and held well-baby clinics. The overworked doctor in the nearest small town would see any patient brought to him, appointment or no; he would come in cases of great need, but going for him and bringing him back—there was no telephone closer than the highway—caused delays that could be serious. The nearest dentists were in the county seat; a visit to them would have meant a day's trip for most; worse, the dentists were not inclined to take patients without appointments. Most of those around us went without any dental service.

One service entirely lacking in the community, but for which no one seemed to feel the need, was law enforcement. There was not, as far as I ever heard, even a justice of the peace in the voting district, nor can I recall hearing that a sheriff's deputy ever visited our valley.

Our house had no locks when we bought it and we never got around to buying any. We were often gone from home; only once was anything touched. We had been there two or three years when one day two of my laying hens were missing. Their disappearance, and with no sign of a varmint, was a scandal to the neighborhood. Some months later one of the young thieves confessed the crime; he and some other boys had been drinking, decided to have a picnic in the woods and had taken the hens. Liquor, the making, selling and drinking of it, had according to rumor been at one time problems for several of the men. Drunkenness was a sin, everybody agreed, and the making and selling of liquor were illegal.

However, we had not been much more than a year in the valley before the heavy, but as yet unseen, hand of outside law was reaching in our direction. We heard talk of it while waiting for the mail at the post office; it approached under the name of "right of eminent domain." Most thought they knew what it meant; so did we. The Army Engineers were building a mighty dam, said to be the highest earth-fill dam in the United States, away down at Wolf Creek on the Cumberland River. Nobody knew how far up the artificial lake would come, but everybody believed that the only land to be needed in our community was the river bottoms. This brought no great worry; the local river bottoms were like our own —narrow and difficult to reach.

The building of the dam continued, but was more or less forgotten when a still heavier hand of the law was felt by all—World War II was upon us. Gas rationing, sugar rationing, and the draft came to the valley, along with reams upon reams of paper concerning the Coal Code. I never did learn exactly how it worked. I'm not even certain what it was, nor do I know whether the man who visited us was a Coal Code man or some other government official. Whoever he was, he told us that we should be selling our slack coal instead of wasting it in paving the hill road. And who would buy coal no one else could use? TVA.

My husband and the miners sold several carloads of the stuff, though gas rationing made trucking a problem. That was about the last coal sold in our neighborhood. The miners could buy no more blasting powder; it was needed for the war effort, just as was the metal that went into the barbed wire we needed for fencing. A family man had to have at least a little cash, but now in order to earn it he had to leave home.

Need of money was not the only pressure. Many were drafted, and men in their late 30s and early 40s were being constantly reminded that it was most unpatriotic of them to try to live as they had always lived. There was no escaping the message: pine trees along our graveled road bore large signs urging men and women to come to Willow Run; county papers carried advertisements urging men and women to apply to this or that factory. Patriotic county officials ordered the benches removed from in front of the courthouse—there was nobody left in the county to loiter, or at least there shouldn't be.

And so they went from around us—to Cincinnati, Dayton, Hampton Roads, Detroit, the powder mills in Indiana, the coal mines of Harlan. Only a few of the children were eager for the going. Many of their parents had either had a taste of city living during the booming twenties, or had relatives who knew that life. They foresaw that their children would have no place to play, and that big money didn't go very far when you must "live out of a paper sack."

My husband left, but I continued for some months in the valley. Whippoorwills, mourning doves and the wind in the trees kept me company. There was nobody left in the valley but the midwife with her sick husband, and our good neighbors up the creek. They had three sons in the armed forces, one not heard from for months. Children gone, no longer young, unable to get help with the farm work, they were selling their timber and buying a home on the highway.

I went to my husband in the city. We were unable to visit the valley until after the end of the war. We had corresponded with some of our old friends, but chiefly

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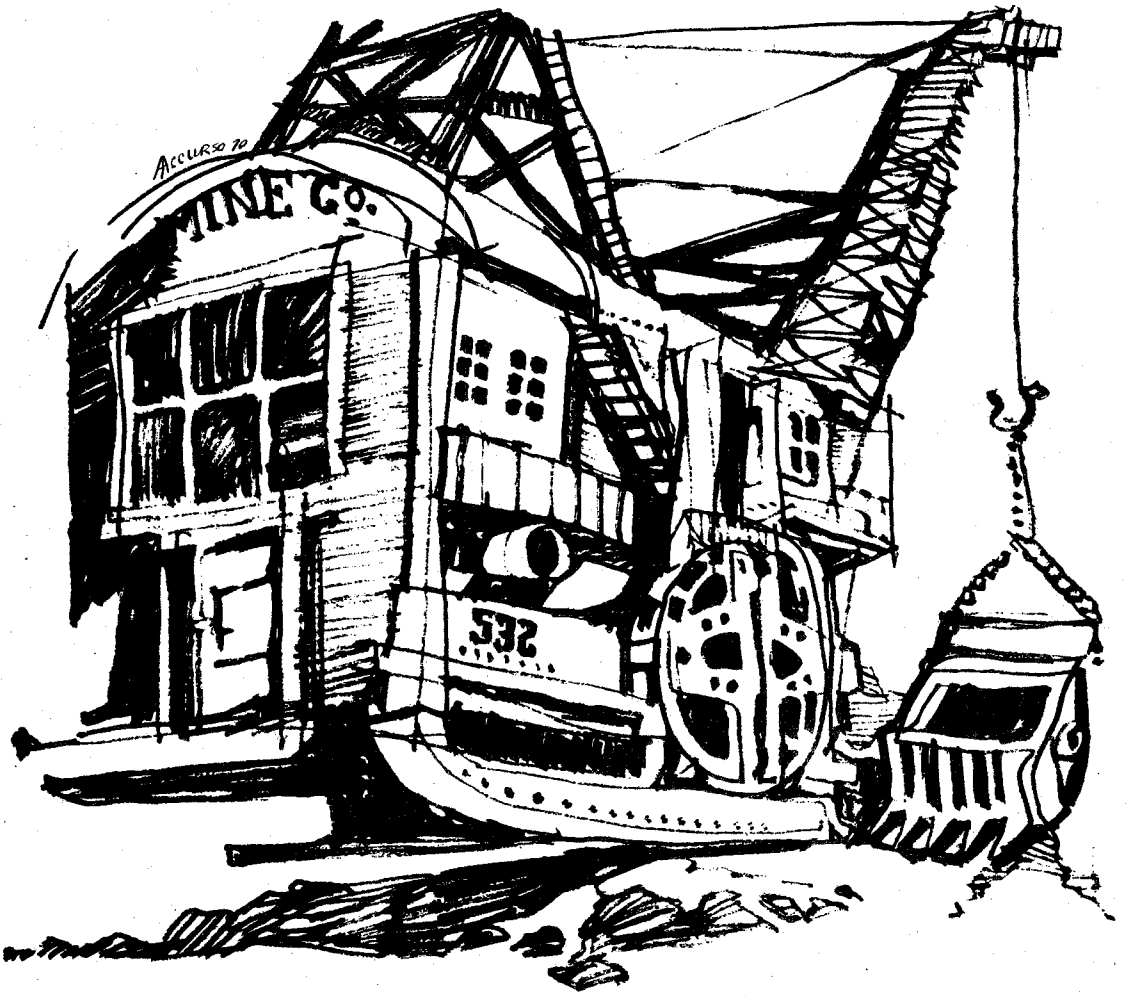

with the Army Engineers. The letter announcing that they were taking 36 acres of our land was hard to believe. Why so much? Our river bottom was scarcely a tenth that size.

A trip to the valley made it clear. We were being forced to sell a wide strip of land above the river and another along the creek bluff. We sued, ours being only one of many lawsuits by landowners along the creeks and rivers. All of us lost our land above the water level of the projected lake. The Army Engineers thus acquired by right of eminent domain a good deal of land bordering the lake. They have of late years sold quite a lot of it, chiefly to those who find a summer cottage on "beautiful Lake Cumberland" not only pleasant but convenient for boating; their cabin cruisers can be anchored nearby.

Our suit did force the Army Engineers to pay twice the amount they had offered. My friend, the midwife, was less fortunate. The last time I saw her in the valley, her husband had died, and she was, much against her will, going to live with one of her children. With her patients gone, and with no other means of support, she'd been looking forward to payment for several acres of land the Army Engineers had taken. However, the money was being held up. She could show no proof of ownership of the land; nor could her husband when he was alive, though he'd been born on the place and lived there all his life. He had inherited the land from his father, and his father had inherited it before him. No papers had passed between them, a not uncommon situation in many hill communities where every man knows the boundaries of his land. The midwife lived only a few more months. I suppose that in time her heirs, now widely scattered, received payment.

Soon after the lake was in place we received an offer from a strip-mining outfit; the contract sounded as if we had only to sign to grow rich. We did not sign.

A year or so later, driving the gravel road to the post office where we planned to leave the car and walk down the ridge side, we stopped in horror to look at the nightmare around the last bend. What had once been a narrow, deep-walled, wooded valley was now a mammoth hole of raw red earth, uprooted trees, fallen rocks and mud-choked streams. Strip mining. The owners of the disaster lived near the post office. The postmistress suggested we visit them; it might make the elderly couple feel better.

The lady of the house was near tears as she discussed the damage. The mining had long since stopped, but the earth kept slipping. The toilet was gone, and the slide was getting so close she was afraid to go into the smokehouse. She said that they hadn't received enough money for their coal to pay for the apple trees that had slid away.

That was several years ago. The great hole continues to bleed with earth that chokes the streams below, but now it is only one among many. There is a huge, government-owned, steam-generating plant across the

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lake. It, like the TVA steam generators, uses strip-mined coal. The lake has made transporting coal to the plant very easy. The operator of a strip mine remote from road or railroad has only to bulldoze to the nearest arm of the lake a road good enough for dump trucks that loaded the coal on barges.

I visit the postmistress every year or so. She and her husband continue to live on the ridge, though she is no longer a postmistress nor he a storekeeper. They are only box holders on one of the long rural routes which the government decided should replace small post offices. The couple's home now has the many conveniences made possible by electricity. REA has at last reached the ridge.

Few are left to take advantage of its services. The one-room school on the ridge is the only one left of the three. Our valley, that for close to 200 years sent settlers, workers, soldiers into the wider world, is empty. It was an unimportant place, lived in by unimportant people. There were once in Appalachia a great many like it. □

SPAIN: FASCISM GONE GRAY

GEORGE SELDES
Mr. Seldes, the well-known journalist, has spent seven of the last seventeen years in Spain.

If it is true that the United States hasn't a friend in the wide, wide world, there must be a reason for it. Consider Spain—the foreign country I know best.

The older generation—not the silent majority which is everywhere apathetic, but the people I have known from the days of the Spanish Civil War (1936-39)—know that it was FDR, more than any other individual, who was responsible, through the arms embargo, for the destruction of the Spanish Republic. It was probably the greatest error the President made, one of the great errors of history.

The younger generation—the 70,000 university students, the professors, writers, the entire intellectual stratum—knows that it was not by error but by a deliberate plan of the American Government that President Eisenhower clamped a dying fascism upon the Spanish people in 1953, saving the Franco regime from bankruptcy in 1954, and again in 1959, with about $1 billion.

Moreover, it was not the bases treaty nor the money which did so much to lock Spain into fascism as the act of friendship and endorsement of Eisenhower's 1954 visit to Franco. The photographs, circulated by the millions, show not a handshake but an *abrazo*—the two rulers, the two colleagues, the two victorious generals, embraced and the regime saw to it that every home in the country had a photograph of this historic occasion. (The high Spanish officers were wearing Hitler decorations with small swastikas on them. The photograph of the *abrazo* hangs in the office of an American correspondent in Madrid, side by side with one of Hitler embracing Franco.)

But this is not the whole story: when Eisenhower delivered the first twelve Patton tanks to Madrid, on February 15, 1954, an American correspondent said to me—he did not cable this to his paper: "These arms are not for fighting a foreign war; they are for use against the Spanish people."

Public acknowledgment of this outrageous situation was made last year when the Nixon State Department divulged that "U.S. forces had conducted joint maneuvers in Spain recently to practice putting down a theoretical rebellion against the Spanish Government."

And there is the episode of May 28 when spokesmen for the democratic monarchists, the Christian Democrats, liberals, and Democratic Socialists asked Ambassador Hill for a conference with Secretary of State Rogers, so they could present a petition giving the views, not of a silent majority but of a vocal minority—a minority, however, larger than the combined army junta and bureaucracy and official Fascists who are in power.

Next day the notable signers of the petition were dismissed with a curt note from the embassy suggesting that they send their request by mail: "It will be forwarded to the appropriate authorities in the United States." Richard Eder of *The New York Times* reported that the distinguished petitioners were "outraged" by this "brutal" action, at first blaming the embassy. He later reported that the government had threatened to break off negotiations for the bases if Rogers spoke to liberals; thereupon, the Ambassador surrendered.

Mr. Rogers arrived, conferred with Fascists only, discussed more "Phantom bombers, more tanks, and armored cars" for the government to use "in the event of an attack." (By whom? By the Asturian miners, the land workers getting $1 a day? By the university population?)

American moral support, from Eisenhower to Nixon, American armament, and the knowledge that American troops stationed in Spain are trained to collaborate with the government's troops in suppressing citizens who might want a change, have produced so much fear and apathy that only the boldest Spaniards have raised a fist or yelled a slogan of protest.

In 1964 Spain blossomed with gay billboards, painted signs, millions of pieces of propaganda, thousands of newspaper and magazine articles, and books, celebrating "*Veinticinco Años de Paz*," twenty-five years of peace. The Asturian miners shouted "twenty-five years of misery," the college students and college professors said openly, "twenty-five years of stagnation." That was the year when thousands of college students in the thirteen university towns rioted for "*libertad*."

The next two years witnessed similar propaganda campaigns, but these were failures for the government, and on the thirtieth anniversary of the end of the Civil

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War (actually, a treasonable army conspiracy) little more than a few paragraphs and an editorial appeared in the government-subsidized (and corrupted) press.

In these same five years, the students rioting for *"libertad,"* by which they meant only the right to have their own union and their own rectors not named by the government, were joined by rioting miners and other workers and eventually by Catholic priests (notably in Barcelona) who raised the cry *"Pan y Libertad,"* bread and liberty, and in some instances *"Pan y Libertad y 200 pesetas"*—meaning a minimum wage of $2.80 *a day* or double the official rate.

If you get caught in one of these riots, as I was in 1964 and again a year or two later, you might think that the anti-Fascist revolution is just around the corner, but recent history shows that they are only expressions of the general discontent, lacking organization and leadership—mere tremors in the universal apathy.

One of the truly great changes in Spain is the abandonment of the attitude summed up by the once popular expression: "nothing is worth another civil war with one million dead." First to emerge from the lethargy of "nothing is worth another million dead" were the Asturian miners, sons of the same men who started a violent strike in 1934 when the reactionary parties won over the democratic parties. They were shot down then by a regiment of soldiers sent by the Republic, and led by their colonel, Francisco Franco. The men on strike in the early 1960s did so in full knowledge of the law of the Fascist regime, declaring strikes equal to treason, the penalty for which is death.

The uprising of the university students which became nationwide in 1964 showed that Spain was emerging from its apathy—twenty-five years of brainwashing was not enough. From parochial schools to colleges, the new generation had been taught that Spain had waged a noble Christian crusade against communism—the textbooks were as full of falsehoods as Stalin's official history (with no mention of Trotsky anywhere). But while the hundreds of students at Moscow University I interviewed in 1964 were thoroughly brainwashed, the students at Madrid University the same year were skeptical, doubting the textbooks. Several had even heard of Hitler and Mussolini's part in the war, the bombing of Guernica, the massacre of the schoolchildren in Barcelona, and the daily atrocities committed by the Tercio, Franco's Moroccan Foreign Legion.

When the regime fired the heads of the Departments of Philosophy, Economy and History, and two other notables who had defended the rioting students, I was able to find two of them and talk to them despite police spies and the microphones hidden in their apartments.

The first thing one of the university heads said was: "It is not a revolution; it is not a national uprising; it is now only a manifestation of the unrest which is prevalent in Spain, at every class level."

"The most significant thing about it," said another professor, "is that it is middle class and upper class. There are almost no students from the working classes in Spanish universities, perhaps 1 per cent. The growth of the middle class is a phenomenon. We are becoming part of the European economy: manufacturing, doing business, engaging in middle-class activities. We cannot remain feudal, with a ruling aristocratic class and a peasant-proletarian lower class. A good percentage of student rebel leaders represent the new middle class, while their fathers, who are now well off, are among the strongest supporters of the regime.

"We, the staffs of our thirteen universities, have been aware for many years that Spain was outside the mainstream of world progress; we have refused to let the schools remain pools of stagnation, and undoubtedly we are responsible for the student body, upper class and upper middle class as it is, joining us in the movement to get back in the march of civilization, to rejoin the 20th century."

It was one of the university professors who told me that "although the regime is totalitarian, it is not the black fascism of Mussolini. Some of us call it gray fascism. Or we use the term Francoism because the system is different from Mussolini's or Hitler's.

"But totalitarian means monolithic. It is all of one piece. You cannot change a part of it, because it has no parts. I do not think the regime will be able to grant liberty to the students or the workers' *sindicatos*. But a change is coming. Everyone in Spain is tired of the present system; ideas at last are on the march, and the government is trying to shove ideas back with bayonets. This cannot be done."

From the mid-sixties on, the Franco regime has been holding plebiscites, making constitutional changes and reforms; it has finally announced the restoration of the monarchy, and otherwise given the impression to members of the Common Market and other international bodies it would like to join that it has become a liberal government.

All of this is nonsense. Take, for example, an item in *Time*: "Even more impressive was last month's law . . . giving Spanish workers the right to strike for higher pay. For nearly three decades, all strikes had been banned in Franco Spain." For three decades there had been a law saying strikes were treason and men found guilty of striking would pay the penalty of treason, which is death. In recent times this law was not enforced. (But there were also no strikes until recently.)

Now the new law, entitled *"Texto Modificado del Articulo 222 del Codigo Penal,"* contains the wording:

> This will be considered an act of sedition . . . : management and workers, with the aim of opposing the security of the State, prejudicing its authority, disturbing normal activity, or in a grave manner the national production, suspending or altering the regularity of working.

And so it is still sedition to "disturb normal activity" and to "alter the regularity of working"—the railroad workers or the Asturian miners, or even filing clerks in offices must invent a new method by which they can strike without altering the regularity of working.

The most transparent hoax of all was the constitutional referendum which preceded the years of "reform" measures. The government told everyone to vote *Si*,

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as an endorsement, and from the controlled mass communications media there was no sign of opposition. The international press reported the result: 92 per cent favorable vote, 8 per cent abstentions. (There were no *No* ballots.) Journalism being what it is the world over, this news item rated a headline, but the discovery of the truth days later could not be given equal space or time.

It was found that every man and woman who works for a living was given a voting kit which included a *Si* ballot marked in ink, along with a certificate stating that he or she had voted it at the precinct, and which was signed at the booth and brought back to the employer. Industrial workers, one-third the employed population, who failed to return the certificate were, as they had been threatened, docked several days' wages or discharged. (When Bernard Nossiter reported this and other election tricks in the Paris *Herald Tribune*, that paper was of course seized at the airfield.)

The tabulation of the votes, as they came to Madrid from all over the country, showed a total of 21,709,472. Great rejoicing! But the descendant of the child who found the emperor was wearing no clothes now found that there were only 19,620,877 men and women registered and eligible to vote. In other words, the government had been endorsed by 100 per cent of the people, plus 2 million ghosts.

Besides the labor "reform" mentioned above, the regime, now approved by 110 per cent of its voters, announced a press reform and a religious reform.

There is no liberty of the press in Spain today. Foreign papers, magazines and books may be imported into Madrid, but when anything which the government does not like appears in them, they are suppressed. (There is one variation: sometimes the papers are not burned but merely delayed a day or two and delivered with a later issue. No one (except the curious and the sophisticated) buys the back numbers. Although the U.S. Army radio suppresses the real Spanish news, the wealthier Spaniards listen to BBC and other foreign stations, and are well informed about their own country. Every intelligent Spaniard takes the press as a joke.

The only true reform has been in religion. Less than ten years ago when tourists in Palma de Mallorca asked me where the Episcopal church was, I would tell them it was underground, literally. You walked the main street until you came to a small garden with a handwritten sign: "Please close the garden gate." You entered and went underground. In the cellar was the church. Although non-Catholic congregations were technically illegal, the Franco regime permitted worship, provided it was hidden. No building above ground, no name plate. The Jews in Madrid met in a converted apartment. In Inca, Mallorca, one day, a Protestant congregation, meeting in a private house, was surrounded by the *Guardia Civil* with guns, forced to come out with hands high, the men taken to jail.

Today, there is a beautiful building in Palma with raised letters in gold, "ANGLICAN CHURCH," and the Jews in Madrid have a synagogue built above ground. When it was opened, recently, people said, "But of course, Franco himself is Jewish—like Jesus, on his mother's side."

If Franco had announced that Don Juan, son of Alfonso XIII, legitimate heir to the throne, would succeed him, it would have meant that Spain was returning to a democratic-constitutional regime, because that was Don Juan's proclaimed policy. When his son, Don Juan Carlos, was announced as the successor, no one in Spain but the power elite was happy.

Don Juan Carlos, trained by the regime for years, was never known to express a liberal view, or any view at all; he was a shadow figure until last year, regarded by skeptical Spaniards as a false front to impress the Common Market nations and others who for thirty years have snubbed the Fascist regime. There was, therefore, a sensation in Madrid early last February when the rumor spread that Juan Carlos had said something important which had been reported in New York and Paris. Foreign papers of course were suppressed.

The interview, as headlined in the Paris *Herald Tribune* (now published jointly by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*) was: "Prince Looks to a Democratic Spain," and the important paragraph in the text read: "'I am Franco's heir,' he told a visitor not long ago. 'But I am Spain's heir as well.'"

Why were foreign publications which carried the interview suppressed? There are two theories in Madrid: one, that the Prince was forthright and the regime was shocked to learn that he would follow his father's plan, which meant the end of this type of totalitarian control; the other—as explained to me by CBS's Machiavellian correspondent Ed Gress—is that the whole affair was a carefully planned hoax: it would reassure other European

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nations that Spain would soon be a fit companion and liberal colleague, while the Spanish public would be kept in the dark about the promise of democracy. The fact that the recent attempt by leading liberals to get in touch with the U.S. Secretary of State was led by a monarchist, Count de Motrico, seems to bear out the second view.

Spain may have to wait a long time to find out whether or not the new King will end totalitarianism. Most people, from journalists to millionaires, believe that nothing much will change with restoration of the monarchy. The army will remain in control; the landlords will remain in control; the Fascist ruling elite, joined by the prosperous new middle class, will continue the *status quo*; the press will remain corrupt, and controlled by the regime. There will be no free unions, in the European or American sense. Wages will remain the lowest in Europe. Nothing much will be done by the rulers for the ruled. Unless of course there is an uprising. The strangest change in 1970, as compared with the violent uprising of 1964 and following years, was the comparative silence in the universities. So far this year I know of no student demonstrations.

Spain is a Fascist state, according to any definition. The power elite, this military-industrial complex, intends to rule the country when Don Juan Carlos becomes king. However, every Spaniard to whom I have talked in the past seventeen years (and I have never met a true Fascist), believes that thirty years of political stagnation will cease when the monarchy is restored; and many believe that once they have a monarchy they will get a two-party system and gray fascism will fade away. □

SUBURB VS. GHETTO

THE MORAL DILEMMA OF ZONING

DAVID K. SHIPLER
Mr. Shipler is a reporter for The New York Times *who specializes in housing and planning.*

Major civil rights organizations have begun a struggle against what may prove to be one of white America's most sophisticated and resilient devices of segregation—suburban zoning laws. These local ordinances, placed on the books by thousands of towns and villages to fortify themselves against the invasion of poverty, crime, congestion and ugliness from the central cities, have screened out all but the most expensive single-family houses on large lots, thus keeping the working class and the poor safe distances away, in the decaying ghettos.

The laws often prescribe minimum lot sizes of an acre or more, or simply ban all apartment houses. They have come under recent attack by respected urban planners, Presidents' commissions and even a few daring souls in the Nixon Administration. But more concretely, zoning that creates enclaves of lovely homes along graceful, tree-lined streets has become the target of constitutional challenges in the courts by the NAACP, the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing (NCDH) and the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. Lawyers are looking for a landmark decision from the Supreme Court in any of at least four cases now in lower federal courts.

Much of the zoning has been in effect for decades, since long before suburbanites were thinking explicitly of excluding blacks. The laws' insidiousness has emerged as Negro families have crowded into the cities, as the cities' vacant land has diminished to the point where federal housing programs are now bottlenecked, and as factories offering blue-collar jobs have moved out to the suburbs, sometimes into the same towns that don't want to house the people who need the jobs most desperately. One result is a good deal of reverse commuting—a Puerto Rican father, for example, drives each dawn from the slums of the South Bronx north to the automobile plant in Tarrytown. Another result is unemployment.

A Census Bureau study found that while the number of jobs in St. Louis dropped by 50,000 between 1952 and 1966, they rose in nearby suburbs by 193,500. Philadelphia lost 14,700 in this period, while its suburbs gained 249,433. New York City gained 111,000 jobs compared with 888,000 for the entire metropolitan area.

What the planners, commissions and a few government officials are preaching, and what the civil rights groups are trying to accomplish, is the construction of subsidized apartments—the only kind of new housing that most working-class families, white or black, can afford—on some of the acres and acres of undeveloped, vacant land that ring the cities like nooses. The complexity of this struggle will surely make the lunch-counter sit-ins and the freedom rides look romantically pure in their moral appeal. The zoning fight is expected to be even more tedious and wearing than the battle for integrated schools or jobs, because it poses a real threat to a style of American life that is idealized in television ads and woven into the fabric of the contemporary American Dream.

With few exceptions, Americans from Thomas Jefferson on have disliked cities. And in a civilization where most people must earn their living in cities, the middle class has sought to create non-urban environments—a man's own house, his own little plot of ground on a quiet street, "safety" in the fact that his neighbors are just like himself. If they are successful, civil rights groups will gain some access, on a painfully piecemeal basis, to some of the land now reserved for this escape from urban life. Thus trapped between their convictions and their style of life, many middle Americans may give up their alliances with civil rights groups and prepare for a bitter fight.

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The zoning issue has been called the new frontier of the civil rights movement. It is perhaps the first course of litigation by the movement's remaining institutions that dwells not on race but on economic class. In fact, two planning consultants to the NAACP, Neil Newton Gold and Paul Davidoff, have observed that zoning now bars such a broad group of people that most of those to be helped by the battle are white, not black.

The earlier open housing struggle in the suburbs focused on the Negro Ph.D., who could afford the house and would make "a fine neighbor." The zoning struggle stresses the rights of those who can't afford the house, and who, in the eyes of many suburbanites, will make dubious neighbors. It seems almost a final, sad recognition that the American myth is indeed only mythology, that the poor have no real hope of rising through the social strata of this nation like champagne bubbles, finally to melt into the ethereal air of assimilation and "success."

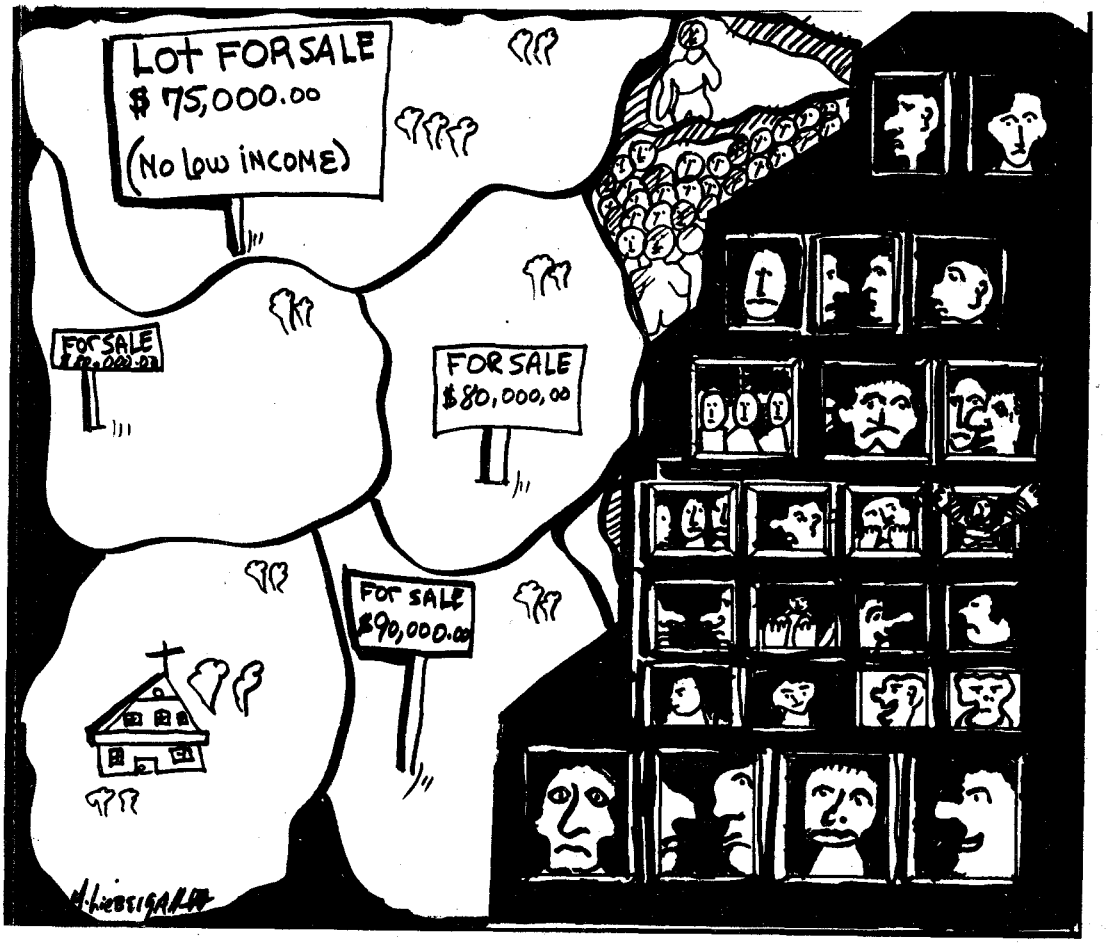
The economic theme of this civil rights campaign, however, gives towns some potent social and fiscal arguments for their "snob zoning." As a lawyer in Oyster Bay, L. I.—the NAACP's first target—commented with chilling accuracy, "The very fabric of our society is based on economic discrimination." Furthermore, while a factory is an economic asset to a town that needs its tax revenue, every poor, large family moving into a subsidized (and therefore probably tax-abated) apartment represents a deficit. School costs will rise with no corresponding increase in the tax base.

This argument is not simply a mask for racial and economic prejudice; it is also quite real. Mr. Gold and Mr. Davidoff, among others, have suggested broad changes in the tax system, so that individual towns would not have to raise revenue themselves but could depend on federal reimbursements based, for example, on population.

Most of the constitutional challenges now pending in the federal courts attack restrictive zoning on the ground that it violates the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection for all citizens under the law. Zoning that is established to exclude vast portions of the population constitutes an improper use of the police power of the state, the civil rights lawyers argue. The New York Regional Plan Association provided considerable ammunition for that argument when it found that families with annual incomes below $12,000 cannot afford homes in the suburbs around New York City, where a total of 99.2 per cent of the undeveloped land is zoned for single-family homes. Most of the region's land, therefore, is inaccessible to 80 per cent of the region's population.

The National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing has begun court action in Union City, Calif.; Lawton, Okla., and Montclair, N.J. The NAACP's proposed case against Oyster Bay, L. I., is expected to go to court shortly.

Oyster Bay is one of those towns that like factories, but don't want to hobnob with the people who work



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in them. Several major aircraft manufacturers, among them Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation and the Republic Aviation Division of Fairchild Hiller, have plants in Oyster Bay. Meanwhile, according to the NAACP, the tiny proportion of blacks in the town is actually dropping.

But perhaps the most flagrant example of discriminatory zoning occurred in Union City, Calif., a town of 13,550 that lies 10 miles south of Oakland. In recent years, farmland there has been rezoned piece by piece for housing developments. But a year ago last spring, when a group of Mexican-Americans obtained City Council rezoning of a 23.4-acre parcel for 279 apartments to be built under a federal subsidy program, white residents in an adjacent development circulated petitions, brought the issue to a referendum, and reversed the City Council. Ironically, the Mexican-Americans have lived in Union City a good deal longer than the whites in that development, but they haven't been able to get out of their rotting barrios. In all the rezoning actions for the benefit of newly arriving whites, no referendum was ever held. Despite what might seem a clear case to the layman, a motion to convene a three-judge court (necessary to hear constitutional argument) was denied by a federal district court. On an appeal to the circuit court in San Francisco, the most significant ruling yet on exclusionary zoning was obtained. The circuit court remanded the case to the district court, directing that the finding need not be based on the motives underlying the zoning. That is, the Mexican-Americans did not have to prove that the whites in Union City intended to discriminate (a difficult thing to prove in a courtroom); they simply had to show that the *effect* of the zoning was discriminatory. The case has been heard, and a decision is expected soon.

It is this case that many legal experts, including some in the Nixon Administration, expect to provide a landmark decision.

The courts have long been reluctant to hear zoning cases, insisting repeatedly that judges are not super-planners. The Supreme Court has been silent on zoning questions for about forty years. But civil rights lawyers are hopeful. The Supreme Court agreed recently to hear a challenge of California's law permitting local referendums on zoning matters. This issue is peripheral to the question of whether zoning may constitutionally exclude persons on economic grounds, but the Court may be signaling its view that zoning is a critical matter that needs adjudication. The standard judicial justification for zoning is that it promotes the "health, safety, morals, welfare and reasonable comfort" of the population. Civil rights lawyers are trying to push the idea that the population should be defined on a regional, not municipal, basis. And they are betting on a Supreme Court decision in the 1926 case of *Euclid, Ohio* v. *Ambler Realty*. While the court upheld the town's right to exclude industry, it added:

"It is not meant by this, however, to exclude the possibility of cases where the general public interest would so far outweigh the interest of the municipality that the municipality would not be allowed to stand in the way."

One difficulty with the route through the courts, some planners contend, is that the judiciary's tools are brittle, unable to adjust finely enough to rezone this plot and that. The courts have expressed similar views, holding that each case must be regarded individually. Nevertheless, there is some fear that if the NAACP succeeds in getting aspects of zoning stricken down, the power to zone will be weakened as a tool for insuring orderly, functional development. Planners in groups such as the New York Regional Plan Association argue that strong zoning powers, used wisely, can create well-planned communities with apartments, single-family houses, shopping areas and substantial open space, instead of the monotonous, inefficient sprawl that characterizes the suburbs now.

The NCDH maintains that it is trying to get the courts to set certain standards for the use of zoning. Each case, their lawyers say, represents a carefully devised part of the mosaic. But once certain important limits and ground rules are set by the judiciary, some planners believe, the best way to control zoning so as to use it in an equitable manner may rest in the powers of the states and the federal government.

Massachusetts recently enacted a state law establishing a zoning commission to which aggrieved parties could appeal local zoning ordinances and rulings. New York State formed a powerful Urban Development Corporation in 1968, headed by the controversial former czar of urban renewal in Boston and New Haven, Edward J. Logue. On the federal level, the Department of Housing and Urban Development has said it plans to give preference in its water, sewer and open-space grants to towns that tear down their walls of restrictive zoning.

But government is timid. Despite Mr. Logue's pronouncements in *Look* and elsewhere that suburban land must be opened up, he has yet to use his power to ignore local zoning and build subsidized housing in a town that doesn't want it. The reason: fifteen bills were introduced in the state legislature this year to dilute his power, and one passed the Assembly. Also, his boss, Nelson Rockefeller, is up for re-election this fall.

The Nixon Administration has quietly and, one feels, almost embarrassedly, introduced legislation in Congress requiring the Attorney General to move against any locality that enacts zoning or building codes that "prevent the reasonable provision in such areas of low- and moderate-income housing eligible for federal assistance in a manner inconsistent with any state or local comprehensive or master plans for such areas." But the Administration is not pushing this bill too hard.

In fact, it has declared its outright opposition to a measure introduced by Rep. Thomas L. Ashley, a Democrat of Ohio, that would create a federal agency to help plan for urban regions and set up machinery to help finance the construction of new towns, which are probably the best approach to heading off the inevitable sprawl, by planning sensible, integrated communities on what is now undeveloped vacant land.

The Department of Housing and Urban Development is concerned because Secretary George Romney's pet project, known as Operation Breakthrough, may be frustrated by zoning restrictions. Breakthrough is an attempt

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to get industry to perfect and use prefabricated, industrialized techniques to produce housing; in return, the federal government is trying to create a mass market for the product. But without access to the land, the product has no place to go, and industry is not about to come forth on a large scale with another Edsel. Harold B. Finger, who heads the program, is a young man who sounds as if he had blundered into the wrong administration.

"What is the effect and intent of such zoning?" Finger asked in a recent speech. "It is specifically aimed at assuring that the blacks . . . will be contained in those central cities and isolated there—abandoned by primarily white, middle and higher income families who have fled to the social and economic homogeneous, protective shelter in the suburban areas surrounding most of our major northern cities. These more fortunate families who had the freedom of choice and the mobility to move out to the suburban areas were encouraged to do so and assisted in doing so by federal housing, highway and other programs. Once there, these more affluent families insist that their local governmental bodies set up rules—zoning rules—designed to assure that homogeneity is preserved."

Finger then said he understood that in the suburbs of Cleveland, where he was giving his talk, local government "has determined that it can no longer transport students to the private and parochial schools in the area. The basic reason is that they cannot find the drivers that are required. They have basically been so effective in assuring homogeneity that they no longer have people who can perform the services required. It isn't a new phenomenon that those who would erect barriers against the equal opportunity of others, themselves become prisoners."

Despite the rhetoric, HUD is doing little about it. Finger, one of the more candid men in government, readily admits that HUD's sewer, water and open-space grants are no real lever against most towns with exclusionary zoning. A better approach, he says, would be to deny all federal aid—including aid to education—to towns that persisted in banning subsidized housing. But HUD shows no movement in that direction, either. In fact, when it was asked by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing to file an *amicus curiae* brief in the Union City case, the agency refused, even though a federal project was being blocked there. On the other hand, the New York City Planning Department, 3,000 miles away, did file a brief to dramatize the nationwide scope of the problem.

It has become so fashionable to talk about the suburbs that even Spiro Agnew did so in a recent speech. "Ghetto residents are denied the income gains and improvements in housing quality that would result from freer access to suburban jobs and land," he said. Does that sound like something the NAACP might have written? It was. Mr. Agnew's speech writer simply lifted whole sections of the address from a memo and magazine article written by Gold and Davidoff. "We're delighted," said Gold. So were a lot of other people. But the Vice President said nothing about action. Government remained mostly in the talking stage. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 66*)

of one of them, *"Igra Umykaniiya."* Neither do I; and, looking at the manuscript of the full score recently, I noticed that I didn't like the Russian title either, in 1913, and canceled it then in favor of the French, *"Jeu de Rapt."* Karlinsky also prefers the spelling *"Idut-vedut"* to my *"eedoot-veedoot."* And, clearly, *"id,"* as in Freud, and *"ut,"* as in utter, *are* different sounds than "eed" and "oot," which is how I pronounce the Russian syllables. But, then, I do not understand any transliteration system, and have rarely been able to recognize the words of singers who are dependent on them.

Karlinsky cites the absence of that spurious "What I Wanted to Express" essay as the "most glaring omission" from the new volume of facsimile sketches of *The Rite* (Boosey and Hawkes, 1969). But his own omission in reviewing the publication, the failure to mention its measure-by-measure description of the original choreography, is far more glaring. So much more valuable than any commentary, the score of the choreography (recovered in 1967) not only changes and deepens the interpretation of the music (especially in matters of phrasing) but makes possible the re-creation of the ballet as it was conceived. *The Rite of Spring* has never been staged by an American company, incidentally, and, impertinent as it may be for me to say so, what better excuse could be found than the chance to revive the Nijinsky original for the first time since 1913? I would come back to see that myself.

Igor Stravinsky

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: It is very important to have Mr. Stravinsky's own statement that the essay "What I Wanted to Express in *The Rite of Spring*" is spurious. The essay keeps popping up in various articles and references published in the Soviet Union and the author's own disavowal (I had not seen any earlier ones) should set the matter to rest. Whoever translated the essay from the French did a clever job of aping the stylistic mannerisms employed in the Russian titles of the ballet's sections. It is also extremely interesting to learn that these titles were Roerich's and not Stravinsky's, for they do, indeed, resemble the titles Roerich gave to his own paintings.

As for the matter of transliteration, Mr. Stravinsky's mention of singers finally explains his and Mr. Craft's preference for the arbitrary and illogical system of transcribing Russian in their books. But Russian and English phonemic systems are not mutually convertible with ease, and even singers will not be helped by such whimsical transliteration unless they are shown what sounds are involved (cf. Evelyn Lear and Cathy Berberian on the recent Columbia album of Stravinsky songs, with their perfectly intelligible Russian despite their slight accents, and other artists in the same album, not a word of whose Russian can be made out).

I first read Igor Glebov's book on Stravinsky in Los Angeles (ca. 1941), when my high school music-appreciation teachers and most American music critics and reviewers all shrilly insisted that Stravinsky was finished as a composer after *The Rite of Spring*. Reading that book helped make me understand and love Stravinsky's music of all periods and for that I'm still grateful. On recent rereading I found some of the musicological analysis hazy and I could have done without so much irrelevant sociological commentary. But what Glebov had to say about *Les Noces, Renard,* and *Histoire du Soldat* in the 1920s still seems brilliant to me, and I am sorry to learn that Mr. Stravinksy disagrees.

I cannot tell whether Mr. Stravinsky agrees or not with the basic premise of my article, namely, that it is desirable and important to relate his early music to its Russian cultural background. But I welcome his corrections and emendations, and especially the new facts on *The Rite of Spring.*

Simon Karlinsky

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Unless I Can Think Up an Alternative or Two'

NEW REFORMATION: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative. *By Paul Goodman. Random House. 208 pp. $5.95.*

EUGENE GOODHEART
Mr. Goodheart is professor of literature at M.I.T. He is the author of The Utopian Vision of D.H. Lawrence *and* The Cult of the Ego: The Self in Modern Literature *(both University of Chicago Press).*

One must be grateful for Paul Goodman's long-standing independent radicalism. It has the virtues of high intelligence, programmatic resourcefulness, and an ample supply of generosity to adversaries of all camps. Unlike many radicals, Goodman argues with the opposition. In the current scene he emerges as a necessary double critic—of the Establishment (which he has always been) and of recent "radical" idiocies (idiocy is Goodman's word, not mine), which he can talk about with the assurance of a man whose credits with the radical young are many. His evident exasperation with the know-nothing character of recent militancy has not dissolved either his affection for the young or his faith that the promise of a better future is in them.

So he can speak of shrill fanaticism and self-righteous violence, and wonder whether those whose minds are daily blown really have minds at all, without raising his voice to the pitch of indignation. In criticizing the current scene, tone is as important as the substance of the criticism; and tone is a complex matter of temperament, intelligence, good faith and experience.

> What I do see is that dozens of Underground newspapers have the same noisy style and stereotyped content: "A brother throws a canister at a pig." Though each one is doing his thing, there is not much idiosyncrasy in so much spontaneous variety. As if mesmerized, the political radicals repeat the power plays, factionalism, random abuse, and tactical lies that aborted the movement in the thirties. And I have learned, to my disgust, that the reason why young people don't trust people over thirty is that they don't understand them and are afraid to try. Having grown up in a world too meaningless to them for them to learn anything, they know very little and are quick to resent it. Their resentment is understandable; what is disgusting is their lack of moral courage.

This is severe criticism, but instructively severe—and without rancor.

Goodman does not permit himself the easy self-congratulation of the adult who has found that the young may be no better than the old.

> As a citizen and father, I have a right to try to prevent a shambles and to diminish the number of wrecked lives. But it is improper for older people to keep saying, as we do, that activity of the young is "counterproductive." It's our business to do something more productive that they can join if they want to.

The argument in *New Reformation,* which is hardly worked out, is that the crisis of the young goes deeper than politics or even moral disaffection. It is a religious crisis generated by the technological dehumanization of American life. Goodman's attitude toward this reformation (he returns several times to the analogy of Luther's revulsion from the corruptions of Rome in 1510) is ambivalent.

> It is hard to describe this, or any, religiosity without lapsing into condescending humor. Yet it is genuine and it will, I am convinced, survive and develop, I don't know into what. In the end, it is religion that constitutes the strength of the new generation. It is not, as I used to think, their morality, political will, or frank common sense. Except for a few, I am not impressed by their moral courage or even honesty. For all their eccentricity, they are quite lacking in personality. They do not have enough world to have strong character. They are not especially attractive (to me) as animals. But they keep pouring out a kind of metaphysical vitality.

Goodman's own career explains his ambivalence. For all his sympathy for the need for a radical transformation of conscience and of social institutions, he has always had a strong pragmatic bent. For Goodman, social change means particular remedies for particular diseases, and if he himself doesn't have the know-how for achieving the remedy, his thinking creates an atmosphere in which one is provoked to develop the know-how. "To have no program rules out the politics of rational persuasion, for there is nothing to offer other citizens, who do not have one's gut complaints, to get them to come along." And on another occasion: "unlike most other 'social critics,' I am rather scrupulous about not attacking unless I can think up an alternative or two, to avoid arousing metaphysical anxiety." The current militant attack is directed toward stirring metaphysical anxiety. Without programs the anxiety can only issue in apocalyptic despair. Goodman is not despairing and apocalyptic because his mind continually attaches itself to concrete problems and concrete solutions, though he has in reserve the imagination of despair, which all imaginative men have.

So he not only speaks of the need to make technology an ethical science; he addresses himself to particular situations. He is interested, for instance, in distributing the tasks between "Big Science" and "shoe-string science" in a way that will benefit society.

> Perhaps the most efficient use of Big Science technology for the general health would be to have compulsory biennial checkups, as we inspect cars, for early diagnosis and to forestall chronic conditions and their accumulating costs. But up to now, Dr. Michael Halberstam cautions me, mass diagnosis has not paid off as much as he hoped. For this an excellent machine would be a total diagnostic bus that would visit the neighborhoods—as we do chest X-rays. It could be designed by Bell Lab, for instance. On the other hand, for actual treatment and especially for convalescence, the evidence seems to be that small personalized hospitals are best. And to revive family practice, maybe the right idea is to offer a doctor a splendid suite in a public housing project. Here, big corporations might best keep out of it.

One is never sure that Goodman is really addressing himself to the "fundamental" problem; but then he has always insisted that one must go about it in a piecemeal way, changing what has to be changed and can be changed—with maximum rationality and consideration for the general welfare.

On the education of the young, Goodman characteristically makes specific proposals—for instance, "mini-schools" of about twenty children and four teachers. The four teachers are:

> 1. A teacher licensed and salaried as in the present system. Since the

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present average class size is twenty-eight, these are available.

2. A graduating college senior from one of the local colleges, perhaps embarking on graduate study. Salary $2,000. There is no lack of candidates, young people who want to do something useful and interesting in a free setting.

3. A literate housewife and mother, who can prepare lunch [*pace* Women's Lib.]. Again there is no lack of candidates.

4. A literate, willing, and intelligent high school graduate or dropout. Salary $2,000. No lack of candidates.

Goodman is for less organized education and more incidental education, gained naturally in life. What this means is not entirely clear, but perhaps the vagueness is in the nature of the suggestion for more incidental education. Yet Goodman's progressivism in primary education does not lead to soft-headed "Third World" curricula in higher education. Somewhere else he distinguishes between teaching kids and teaching a subject—which is the proper business of the university. He is right when he says that much of what passes for college education is worthless, and he is also right that many who are designated students are, properly speaking, not students at all.

What to do? It seems to me that two kinds of change are necessary at the university level. There is, first, the need to create a truly universal higher education (for those 18 and above) that will help the economically and socially disenfranchised to the possibility of professional success in the general society. It is only the elitist radicalism of the offspring of the white upper classes that can afford to dismiss this kind of suggestion with the disdainful word "cooptation." Such an education need not be condescending or conservative. It would be addressed to young people who are not essentially students (and this is not a matter of social class), whose interest in study would be governed by the contemporary. The curriculum need not exclude Shakespeare or Kant or Isaac Newton, as some of the "Third World" curricula have it, but it would have a narrower conception of relevance than what I would call the more disinterested study of the professional student.

Both *disinterested* and *professional* are disreputable, though I don't believe discredited, words nowadays. The professional curriculum would create and sustain intellectually lively disciplines which must in some sense be elitist. Or if not elitist, significantly different from the "universal" curriculum, simply because of the necessary erudition, difficulty and complexity of the disciplines. One should not rule out the possibility of commerce between the two curricula. But what should be emphasized now against the growing confusion and fogginess of academic and intellectual life is the folly of collapsing the two curricula into one curriculum.

Then there is the problem of authority—and legitimacy (the title of the third section of the book). This is a tough one for Goodman, who has a healthy anarchistic mistrust of power and authority. He wants authority diffused ("the young do have an authentic demand for young people's power, the right to take part in initiating and deciding the functions of society that concern them, as well as governing their own lives which are nobody else's business"), but he regards student power as "springing from a phony situation . . . symbolic and often merely spiteful."

I began writing this during the nationwide student strike—always with the awareness that if things really change, it will be the young who deserve most of the credit. Perhaps the fogginess and self-righteousness of their militancy is a necessary price. It nevertheless seems to me a service to the cause of social change and to the humane values that should survive all change *not* to blink at the serious failures in thought and sympathy of current militancy. Too often the prestige of radicalism is used to discredit truths that are not particularly radical in character but are truths nonetheless, and to provide a cover for herdlike behavior.

Goodman's ambivalent view of the youth revolt strikes me as absolutely right. He sympathizes with the attempt to loosen authoritarian and rigid educational structures, but he is revolted by the mindless hostility to the tradition of humane letters, which has its own instructive radicalism if the young would only care to listen and learn. The implicit McLuhanism in all versions of youth protest has created an ideological impatience with anything that requires long periods of reflection. Goodman is sensitive to the commercialism of the counter-culture, which is closer to the mainstream culture of television and advertising than it is to any genuine radicalism. To be sure, the communal ethic of the counter-culture is in contrast to the programmatic egotism and rapacity of American middle-class life, but when youth attacks rationality and high culture, it is acting very much in the spirit of mainstream culture.

It is part of the current forgetting of our cultural past that we are no longer aware that high culture has been the counter-culture in America. Egotism

"The massive forces of change seem to be moving toward an organizational gigantism and standardization that undermine the values of individuality. The depersonalization of existence is not only a threat but a constant reality. . . . Hence springs the crisis of the human person."

—MELVIN RADER

Individuality and the New Society

Edited by Abraham Kaplan

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and competitiveness are not products of high culture or elitism but rather of the American capitalist spirit, which in its passion for production and its appetite for consumption, is the most unbridled of all capitalisms. Despite the histrionic poverty of hippie culture, its luxurious appetite for drugs and leisure and movement makes it part of the consumer culture it so vehemently attacks. One value of Goodman as humanist is that he refuses to accept the absurd caricature of high culture that the counter-culture has drawn.

The difficulty facing the independent liberal or radical in separating himself from the prevailing pieties is that there seems no place to go. Those who argue for "rational" alternatives cannot satisfy the radical or even liberal conscience, because their idea of rationality too often involves a polarization against the legitimate *passion* for justice. (This is the obvious trouble with a writer like Sidney Hook.) The tone of a magazine like *Public Interest* is wrong, because it is programmatically unresponsive to what is actually occurring in the country. When I think of real alternatives, certain individual performances come to mind—like that of Paul Goodman, who by instinct, experience and imagination has mastered the complex political sentence. Goodman knows where and how to put the criticism and the praise. But there is no party feeling which would connect people of independent sentiment (liberal and radical) into effective political action. This may be the incurable malaise of the independent position and one explanation of the militant contempt for it.

The terms one uses to describe oneself are always significant, now more significant than usual. Goodman's characterization of himself as a neolithic conservative makes sense when one considers what he is dissociating himself from. His maxims are, among others, "The right purpose of elementary schooling is to delay socialization" and "Innovate in order to simplify, otherwise as sparingly as possible." He dissociates himself from the mindless liberal belief in technological "progress" (necessary change, yes).

The social critics he invokes are Coleridge mainly and Arnold "when the vulgarity of liberalism gets me by the throat." His "conservatism" of course has nothing to do with the McKinley variety. But it is salutary that he chose such an opposite word to describe his radicalism. When everyone in one's circle speaks the same political dialect, it becomes increasingly difficult to have one's own individual ideas and perceptions expressed. This in turn discourages individual ideas and perceptions. Goodman's use of the phrase "neolithic conservative" is part of an old habit of being himself, of understanding the present situation in his own way. Unlike many others, he is not intimidated by the reputation of words and ideas.

In any society worth preserving the conditions for fostering this kind of individuality must be preserved. I know the standard rejoinder—that this seems like an irrelevant criticism of the radical militancy of the young at a moment when political repression has become more than mere possibility, and when the fact of Cambodia and Vietnam looms so large. But the rejoinder itself has the habitual prematurity of those who decide in an authoritarian way when it is right to speak, how one should speak. It is not at all clear that the encouragement of diversity within a political group is not healthier for the movement than an insistence on the correct line. The "correct line" is not part of the ideological vocabulary of the new militancy, but it is more and more part of its emotional temper.

The young are leading the peace movement and the movement for social change by default. There was virtually no effective adult Left in America before the advent of the New Left. This accounts for some of the failures of substance and style on the American Left. Whatever the going piety about the young may be, there are real political disabilities in being young—and strengths as well. As Goodman says, "the hostile inexperience of the young, with a chip on the shoulder and fortified by ideology, calls out to the latent lunacy of the reactionaries," who, for instance, gassed the campus of the University of California, "because the hippies were developing a vacant lot of the university, intended to be a soccer field, as a garden." On the other hand, the young do have spontaneity and a continuous access to political energy—which is no small thing.

The disabilities of the youth movement notwithstanding, it is natural and inevitable that those over and under 30 who want change will in some sense be led by the young. To complain about this fact is like complaining about a natural phenomenon. The question remains: what should the quality of the following be? I think the uncritical and mindless adulation of the young by over-30 adults (many of them "guilty" liberals) is repellent and self-destructive. It often involves an unmaking of personality—an affectation in style, vocabulary and ideas, which betray the best in the person.

The power of the adult "follower" is ideally what Barrington Moore calls critical rationality. Whether one is squarely inside the movement or at the periphery of it, it is always a service to it to exercise critical rationality—to tell it like it is—without prematurely worrying about the consequences. Of course, the animus of the counter-culture is against critical rationality because rationality is repressive. For a man like Paul Goodman, however, this is no argument against exercising it. □

At Home in His Mind

DREAMTIGERS. *By Jorge Luis Borges. Translated by Mildred Boyer and Harold Morland. E. P. Dutton & Co. 95 pp. $1.95 paper.*

RONALD CHRIST

Mr. Christ, the author of The Narrow Act: Borges' Art of Allusion *(NYU Press), teaches English at Livingston College, Rutgers University.*

About an author named "Osberg," Nabokov, the Literary Lord of Misrule, has said: "At first, Véra and I were delighted by reading him. We felt we were on a portico, but we have learned that there was no house." As is so often the case with Nabokov, the perception is dazzling and delightful, but the judgment is wrong.

It may be true that Jorge Luis Borges (the anagrammatized author), seems all portico, all façade, but that is simply another way of saying that his is the art of *trompe-l'oeil,* or, more accurately, *trompe-l'esprit.* His obvious intention, in his now famous stories and essays about secret societies contaminating our world with bits of evidence from an imagined planet and priests dreaming other beings into existence only to find that they too are dreams, is to coax belief in the patently false. In this respect his prose is like those super-realistic paintings by Dali, paintings so much more surreal than his Surrealist art: it makes us want to believe in the reality of the illusion exactly at the moment we discover that it is only illusion. People touch Dali's rear-view portrait of his wife at the Museum of Modern Art because they can't — don't want to? — believe their eyes, telling them they are, are not, looking at a painting.

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In the same way, readers experience a dizzying tug of war as Borges writes reviews of books which were never published and condenses articles from encyclopedias that don't exist. The best of Borges' works all share this deceptive front, but almost all of them create the impression of that elaborately finished exterior, only to collapse it under a weight of scrutiny which is the process of the story or essay. In other words, every one of his porticoes leads to the house that Borges built. "Osberg" is seven-eighths submerged, and if only the tip of artifice shows, it nevertheless rests on a profound base of feeling.

For example, in his most famous (and fundamental), essay, "A New Refutation of Time," Borges proves by means of intuition, allusion and argument that Time and we, as individualized persons, do not exist. He proves these conclusions with such tact and deftness in modulating from philosophy to literature to personal experience that this seemingly serious argument convinces us: indeed, Time does not exist. But the essay opens with the explicit statement that Borges himself disbelieves his refutation and concludes with a moving confession of doubt and failure:

> *And yet, and yet*—To deny temporal succession, to deny the ego, to deny the astronomical universe are apparent desperations and secret assuagements. . . . Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river that carries me away, but I am the river; it is a tiger that mangles me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire that consumes me, but I am the fire. The world, alas, is real; I, alas, am Borges.

Through the fantastically wrought portico of argument we are led into the more private dwelling of Borges' feelings as the surface of metaphysical proof and fascinating fraud cracks to reveal a genuine, passionately imaged, lyric impulse. Those "desperations," clearly, are the life behind the shifting façades of his fictitious philosophies or "assuagements." Similarly, in back of every Borges exterior looms unstated, muted and sometimes mutilated feeling, guaranteeing the nobility of his skill in temporarily deceiving us by deploying his own emotions. Thus a lasting pleasure of reading Borges is the one of peeking through the windows of such disclosure to discover the saddened, witty, lonely man who has contrived a labyrinth of metaphysical fiction as a strategy of soul.

In the heart of Borges' apparently heartless and houseless country is a deeply moving autobiographical impulse; but nowhere does it show itself more fully than in his book *El Hacedor*, which has just been reissued in paperback as *Dreamtigers*. In Spanish the word *hacedor* means "maker" or "creator" and this book is a biography of such a one—an artist, a miniature, subordinate god. Too sly or too shy to write a conventional autobiography, Borges has committed himself to writing what he says no one ever resigns himself to doing: "the literary biography of an author."

As he has observed in his essay on Beckford's *Vathek*, an omniscient author could write an indefinite number of biographies of a man: "Simplify a life overmuch: imagine that thirteen thousand facts describe it completely. One of the hypothetical biographies would record the series 11, 22, 33 . . . ; another, the series 9, 13, 17, 21. . . ." So in *Dreamtigers* Borges has compiled a series of literary moments—half tiny narratives and essays, half poems, along with six apocryphal quotations—which comprise a series of thoughts and obsessions that define a man. Not *the* series, but *a* series, and not *the* man Borges, but *a* man Borges, for as "A New Refutation of Time" argues from Hume, a man is "a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity."

Thus the series of this hypothetical autobiography is deliberately disjunctive in presenting its fifty-odd distillations of thought and feeling, but intentionally cumulative so that it can end with an integral epilogue in which Borges explains:

> A man sets himself the task of portraying the world. Through the years he peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, instruments, stars, horses, and people. Shortly before his death, he discovers that that patient labyrinth of lines traces the image of his face.

The heterogeneous pieces in this miscellany hang together, therefore, because each one contributes to a portrait of a writer who, for once, is only hiding behind a paper-thin screen. Typical of them all is the title piece, "The Maker," which ostensibly tells of Homer who lived his life unaware of its significance until he began to grow blind and so awakened to the real, imagined, literary meaning of his experience. So too, we are implicitly asked to understand, has Borges lived a life confirmed by his own illuminating blindness. The façade, you

Honolulu, Hawaii. Dec. 7, 1941

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see, has not entirely disappeared but it is much less in evidence.

And the individual, elegiac tone, that mournful weariness embodied in the last sentence quoted above from "A New Refutation of Time," is not only present but pervasive as Borges goes through an elegant but mechanical proof of God's existence in "Argumentum Ornithologicum," hints at lost loves in "Delia Elena San Marco," and justifies the whole procedure of finding life's meaning in the mind's moment in two poems, "Elvira de Alvear" and "Ars Poetica"; "To transform the outrage of the years/ into a music, a rumor and a symbol." In *Dreamtigers* they all add up to the poetic and personal testament of a writer who seems to be speaking truthfully, though obliquely, in "The Poet Declares His Renown" when he pretends to quote: "Would to God I'd never been born."

So do not look in *Dreamtigers* for a narration of the events in Borges' life, or even for an account of the books he has written, but instead discover a history of the sensations and meditations which have played for a single or recurring instant on the stage of Borges' literary spirit. Discover the author at home in his mind. The discovery will be a revelation. Here is Borges talking for himself, both directly and by using others' lives and words as emblems of his own, in what he admits is his most "personal" book "precisely because it abounds in reflections and interpolations."

Here is Borges risking sentimentality and confession as he meditates on his toenails, his blindness, his ancestors, but besting that risk with a compassionate reserve that conveys more substantial feeling than any flood of Hispanic rhetoric. Here is Borges writing what may well be the definitive page of autobiography for our time in "Borges and I," where he develops the blurred distinction between Borges the person and Borges the author only to conclude: "I do not know which of us two is writing this page." Surely a masterpiece, minor only in size. In a word, here is the soul for the body of Borges' work; here is the full-dimensional house behind that brilliant portico.

Most of us will go on preferring, ultimately, the artifices and subterfuges of Borges' longer stories and essays, but for once and all *Dreamtigers* settles the question of whether we are dealing with a clever trickster or a profoundly human artist. For those who already know the thrill of Borges, this book will prove the implicit humanity and reverberating range of his work; for those who are about to encounter him, it will introduce a gentle, wise and mysterious mind which muses behind a dazzling mask of invention and deception—the melancholy wizard of our aesthetic joy. □

IN FRONT OF THE WATERFALL
(After the painting attributed
to Ma Lin in "Art Treasures of
the Peking Museum")

The lives of the rock:
the water straight with falling,
the old tree twisted and bent
with hanging on.

LANDSCAPE
(After the painting by Wu Chen in
"Art Treasures of the Peking Museum")

Winding out of the hills,
the small stream enters the river.
It began coming down
long before these trees arrived.
In his boat the fisherman waits
like the hills along the stream
for what will be brought to him
and what will be taken away.

Wendell Berry

Natural Selection

BIOPOLITICS. *By Thomas Landon Thorson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 224 pp. $4.95 paper.*

WALT ANDERSON

Mr. Anderson teaches political science at San Fernando Valley State College. His previous books are The Age of Protest *(an anthology) and* Campaigns: Cases in Political Conflict. *His third book,* Politics and Environment: A Reader in Ecological Crisis, *has just been published by Goodyear.*

For most of the years since the end of World War II, the academic discipline of political science has been dominated by the movement called behavioralism. Behaviorialism was a reaction to earlier forms of political inquiry which mainly involved either analyzing institutional structures or browsing among the classics and splitting hairs over Sovereignty or Justice, and it came with a passionate aspiration to be scientific. Following the lead of the earlier scientific revolution in psychology, wherein J. B. Watson and the like had decided to emulate the physical scientists by observing what the human organism *did* (and keeping speculation about what went on inside it to a hard-nosed minimum), the behaviorists wanted to study political behavior and meanwhile clear the decks of all the philosophical irrelevancies. They set out to measure, to work rigorously toward the formulation of verifiable and accurate theories, to predict. They talked of the need for "value-free inquiry," and accepted to a man the notion that the "hard sciences" were way "ahead" of the social sciences, but that with hard work they might some day "catch up."

And they accepted also the belief that catching up would take a while. The important thing was to proceed in a scientific, methodical way; so they formulated theories of theory-building, got their feet wet in statistics, and embarked on God knows how many studies, large and small. Collecting data, laying the groundwork. Meanwhile there was some opposition to behavioralism: at first from more conservative scholars who continued to pursue the study of the classics, while claiming that the new generation of political scientists was not coming up with much that hadn't already been dealt with by such thinkers as Aristotle or Hobbes or Machiavelli. More recently, there has been criticism—that's a mild word for it—from a younger generation of students and teachers who talk of relevance and action and commitment, who are inclined to view value-free inquiry as a cop-out from intellectual responsibility, a justification for the bored and useless study of any subject that might produce a grade or a grant.

And then there has been a third strain of criticism of the behavioral approach, from people who think that a scientific search for understanding of society and politics is a perfectly commendable endeavor, but that most social scientists have a very shaky idea of what science really *is*.

Biopolitics is an eloquent and sensible presentation of this third line of thought. Its argument deserves the attention of all political scientists—and, because it addresses itself to precisely the kind of large questions about the nature of man and knowledge that the current computerized scholarship leaves alone, it should also interest anybody who wants to try to understand how our political society has gotten to the place it is in, and where it may go from here.

Thorson's basic thesis is that the social scientists have bought a rather limited and old-fashioned concept of science: the idea that the scientific researcher must observe phenomena and

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then, by abstracting patterns of behavior, work toward the construction of general laws which will allow one to predict what will happen in certain situations. The business of abstracting always involves costs—you must sacrifice something in the process. And since Einstein we have all known that even our best mathematical and geometrical systems sacrifice a good deal—but for, say, Newton, the costs were not too great; his physics, while less than exact, had a high order of prediction-generalization validity and led toward great technological innovation. The question is, how great are the costs when one tries to apply the prediction-generalization model to human behavior?

Thorson says they are very great indeed. The model is too limiting, and it is built upon the assumption that the laws of human behavior are static and universal. It thus can provide no explanation for change except a concept of "development" in which political orders are ranged along a scale of progress with the industrialized West at the top.

> It is a confusion of the profoundest kind, but one which pervades social science, that modern, civilized Western man is the norm and that primitive or underdeveloped man is the deviant case. And it is a confusion that flows directly from the failure to take time seriously.

By "taking time seriously," he means using a scientific paradigm which, instead of looking for fixed laws of behavior, will examine all of humanity as being in a process of change—in short, evolving:

> The question we must face squarely if we wish to make scientific sense out of man and his activities is this: Does it make more sense to understand man as a biological phenomenon with all that implies, or to try to fit human behavior to the prediction-generalization model of nineteenth-century physics?

The evolutionary viewpoint that Thorson advocates would have us see the development of political societies as primarily an adaptive process. And, because nature (and the human imagination which is a part of nature) is capable of great variation, such development takes on many forms. Some of them work, and some don't. Furthermore, a refinement of the evolutionary viewpoint allows for a refinement of what is meant by a "higher" stage of evolution.

> Mammals, for example, are more highly evolved than insects, but—and this is the important point—mammals are not descended from insects even though they presumably have somewhere in the abyss of time a common ancestor.

There is no scientific reason—to apply this to a specific case—to assume that Southeast Asia should or can evolve toward a Western-style capitalist (or for that matter Russian-style Communist) political order.

I should make it clear, though, that Thorson is not recommending that we pick up the whole theory of biological evolution and lay it down on the history of political development. He is urging us to see political development *itself* as an advanced form of biological evolution, with patterns passed on through the "cultural DNA" of human communication. Thus:

> Given the power of modern means of communication, no presently underdeveloped area of the world can ever develop "modernity" in quite the way that the West did just because the people of the area cannot but *know*, in some measure at least, how the West developed over the last several hundred years. Looked at as a matter of evolutionary thresholds this situation makes perfect sense. Searching, however, for general laws in this context can end only in vagueness or frustration.

The evolutionary paradigm which Thorson sketches out rather briefly in *Biopolitics* is capable of many applications. Curiously, Thorson has not dealt with one of the more obvious—the field of environmental-ecological issues, although this is a subject in which his point of view could be most helpful. The discipline as it stands has no intellectual tools for making sense out of ecology—or for doing anything about the matter at all except to react in a harried, how-was-I-supposed-to-know-about-*that* way and maybe go out and make some new studies. Until these problems began to surface as political issues, most political scientists simply were not aware of them at all. The water in Lake Erie was not, thanks to the tunnel vision of academia, a problem for political science.

However, as soon as we begin to look at politics from the evolutionary viewpoint, we *have* to ask how well a given society is adapting to its environment. So instead of looking at the ecological issue as some fad, we can intelligently pose the larger question of whether our own modern technological society is at this point a changing species hovering on the brink of a new development, or a kind of political dinosaur rampaging clumsily toward extinction.

In assembling his biological perspective, Thorson borrows from Stephen Toulmin, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, some of the more coherent statements of Marshall McLuhan, Harold Innis, Claude Lévi-Strauss and Albert Camus. It is a large perspective, one which sees modern man (in Julian Huxley's phrase) as evolution become conscious of itself. It demands that "whatever deserves the name political science must start with a conception of the human animal in nature and must conclude with an account which will deal with the whole phenomenon of politics, the choosing and creating as well as the reacting and the responding." There is, I think, an enormous need now for a concept of politics which is roomy enough to accommodate an idea of creativity.

I first came across *Biopolitics* listed

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among other new issues in a folder from the publisher. It is published in paper only, issued as a college text and not a trade book. It took *The Nation* and me some time to obtain a copy. I mention these details only because I find it interesting that the people at Holt, Rinehart & Winston apparently haven't the foggiest idea that they may have just published one of this century's most important works of political theory. I believe they have. □

Pilgrims' Progress

A LITTLE COMMONWEALTH: Family Life in Plymouth Colony. *By John Demos. Oxford University Press. 201 pp. $6.75.*

FOUR GENERATIONS: Population, Land, and Family in Colonial Andover, Massachusetts. *By Philip J. Greven, Jr. Cornell University Press. 356 pp. $12.50.*

A NEW ENGLAND TOWN: The First Hundred Years. *By Kenneth A. Lockridge. W. W. Norton & Co. 208 pp. $6.95.*

PEACEABLE KINGDOMS. *By Michael Zuckerman. Alfred A. Knopf. 335 pp. $7.95.*

JOSEPH E. ILLICK

Mr. Illick teaches history at San Francisco State College. He is the author of William Penn the Politician (*Cornell University Press*) *and* America and England, 1558-1776 (*Appleton-Century-Crofts*).

Until recently, social historians have depended on literary sources for their representations of the past. There are, however, other guides to the conduct of our forebears, hitherto tapped only by genealogists: the records of towns, courts and churches, as well as deeds and wills. Scholars in England and France have drawn upon these materials for years, but only recently has demography—the statistical study of peoples, regarding birth and death, marriage and inheritance, land holding and law breaking—become the tool of historians in the United States.

The use of these sources leads us to a new and different understanding of the colonial American experience. In the traditional view, the move from the Old World to the New was seen as an uprooting, a transition from order to chaos. The English family was said to be a stable "patriarchal kinship community," which might include grandparents, uncles and even servants; it merged indistinguishably into society and thus eased the maturing child into the community without abrupt change. In America, by contrast, the typical home was said to be inhabited only by father, mother and liberated children. Life was mobile and atomistic; the gap between the "nuclear" family and the community had to be bridged by socializing institutions, such as schools. Marriage followed on the heels of puberty. "Women matured early in colonial America," according to one textbook, "and they married young, some at twelve to fourteen years of age. . . . Few married women lived past thirty-five," largely because of early and frequent motherhood. In this and other ways, life was seen to be not only unsettled but uncertain.

Recent scholarship leads to other conclusions. In *The World We Have Lost*, a summary of demographic studies on pre-industrial England, Peter Laslett writes that "the average family was relatively small" and "the turnover of population in these settled, agricultural, traditional communities was remarkably high." If the English experience was more chaotic than hitherto believed, life in America was more ordered. Although John Demos observes considerable mobility in Plymouth, neither Andover nor Dedham, Mass., as described by Philip J. Greven, Jr. and Kenneth A. Lockridge, were the scenes of notable geographic movement in the 17th century. With regard to vital statistics and certain other matters, the situation in Plymouth was quite typical, however.

Life expectancy was not short, since men and women reaching 21 could expect to live until 70 and 63, respectively; mortality rates were low, only one woman dying per thirty childbirths and three-quarters of infants attaining their majority. Women and even children

SOME SKELETON POEMS, WRITTEN IN HIDING. . .

1.
My love for the Revolution
—that is the Revolution and you and our children and our brothers
and sisters and the sky—
grows in direct proportion to my hate for them.
I love you and I hate them.
Behind my eyes I see him gesturing, talking
about mediocrity. "Why don't you teach them to hate mediocrity?"
he said,
"instead of Nazis and Gusanos and Imperialists. What is *all this talk*
about killing Nazis?"
I told him they got it in school.
And you said the comics. Television too.
And the mediocrity of those we hate
is not their outstanding feature
like the femininity of those who deceive
and kill.
All the men behind Tlatelolco weren't homosexuals
as the lawyer suggested
unless all deviance is sexual
which may be true.
But 'feminine' is no longer the word.
It's much simpler and also more complicated than that.
And I'm not teaching anything
but learning all the heavy time and painfully.
Just hate rising as love rises
making us conscious of ourselves.

2.
Yesterday all afternoon I spent thinking of how to tell you
about my thankfulness and my love.
At night in a few moments between other things Robert looked straight at you
and told you
and he said you were revolutionary and that's not a light comment.
I looked from one to another quickly and I could hardly look.

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had legal rights. The family in Plymouth was nuclear, averaged eight or nine children, and served as the basic unit of society. As business, school, church and welfare institution it carried out the function of socialization.

Childhood in Plymouth was short, though long enough for repressive Puritan parents to foster in their youngsters an overdeveloped concern for law and order—aggression, not sex, was their bugbear. At the age of 6 or 7, children were apprenticed and treated as small adults. Adolescence was unknown, and no instances of youthful rebellion exist in the court records. Courtship and marriage required parental guidance (though laws concerning fornication show parents were not ubiquitous), and wills demonstrate that the final transfer of a marriage portion was often withheld until the male parent's death. Thus, even though the nuptial bonds were tied later than supposed (age 26 for men and 21 for women), parental control persisted into marriage. Nor was political power bestowed on men until well into middle age.

Greven's account of "the families of early settlers through four generations" in Andover is supplemented by an analysis of land policy. In the early years the high birth rate, low death rate, exceptional longevity, late marriages and large numbers of children per family resemble the situation in Plymouth, but there was a significant difference. Almost four-fifths of the second generation remained in Andover. The initial settlers, in accord with the life they had known in English open-field villages, established a central residential area with farm land on its outskirts. The division of land among townspeople was ended in the late 1660s, after which time 20-acre plots without village lots were sold. (This, and the almost simultaneous dispersal of villagers to their farms, "diminished the cohesive force of the community and augmented the significance of the individual family.")

Thus, land was in the hands of the long-lived first generation upon whom the second generation was dependent. Having wrested arable soil from the forest, fathers did not easily pass it to sons, preferring patriarchal control. Often land grants became permanent only at the time of death. Members of the second generation married late of necessity, and an economically dependent son, though living with his wife and children in his own house, usually settled close to his parents and siblings.

Patriarchalism was more difficult to maintain in the third generation, when there was less land to dispense and when some sons received their inheritance through apprenticeship and a trade thereby becoming more independent. The relative scarcity of real estate also led to greater mobility; nearly two-fifths of third-generation males left Andover, though many went to satellite towns in Connecticut and New Hampshire on the trail of earlier migrants. Consequently there emerged a greater range and complexity in the structure of kin relations: "families established by the maturing third generation ranged from

I had been thinking about it all afternoon and I was silent.
What is it makes maker of words, not maker but at least user,
silent?
What is it pulls my head down between my upper arms
I can't look or say
because it's too heavy or too much?
What is it cuts into the touch holding it
behind its edge, limit, what is it
limits the touch like classes like the division of classes
like one hand in my lap at my childhood table
tight lips later against the mouth kissing, looking,
finding the live sense on the other surface? In *it.*
One
collective even to say it, to be it, move
into the way yesterday afternoon should have ended with me
putting my arms around you looking straight in your eyes and saying
we're sisters even outside this nightmare.

3.
Not being able to write about *Robert*
—a plan I had for this morning—
and sitting shitting in a yellow bathroom I suddenly thought:
Yellow!
A grain of Robert's health and beauty is
yellow being his favorite color!
Sun.
Warmth.
Hands.
The cheeks of a Vietnamese fighter.
Honey. Fire. Middle of the egg.
My favorite color used to be blue or green
or blue-green, turquoise,
something open but sad.
Suddenly my favorite color is yellow
and that new language has made me sing.
It's the liberation of women, the spoils not *to the same old victor,*
the oppressed of the world risen up.

Margaret Randall

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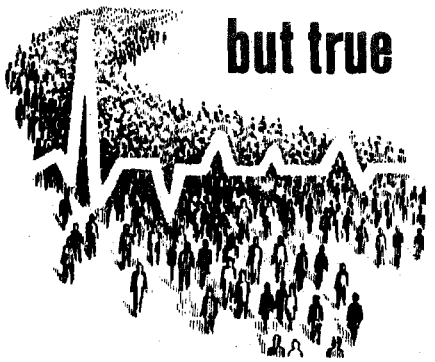

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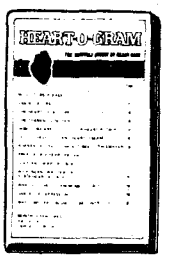

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FEELINGS

The children are taken with seizures of feeling.
We must learn to help them.
The mind must learn to help them.
It is like a song that begins
Sanely and ends savagely. Sing it with them
Pretending to be caught. Be anxious
About the space around you—can
It contain the song.
Nobody mourns like that anymore.
Enjoy being your own colony;
The feelings are a colony. If you have to
Pretend there are words to the song,
There are words to the song.

Harvey Shapiro

extreme extension to isolated nuclearity."

In the fourth generation epidemics caused a marked increase in children dying before reaching adulthood. Families were smaller, and the life expectancy of males declined. Mobility continued on the upswing; probably half the men in the fourth generation scattered themselves throughout New England. Patriarchalism continued to decline. "For Andover's fourth generation, Thomas Paine's call for independence in 1776 from the mother-country and from the father-king might have been just what Paine claimed it to be—common sense."

Kenneth Lockridge, viewing the later 18th century from the perspective of the town rather than the family, sees an American Revolution rather than a War for Independence. "Politically, at least some men would be able to see a clear need for an ideology which would guarantee every individual the right of participation. . . . Socially, many men would be ready to acclaim a government which would open new economic opportunities to the individual."

Although Dedham's vital statistics in most instances match Andover's, Lockridge's story is different from Greven's. Dedham originated as a utopia called Contentment, built on the principle of everlasting love and barred to settlement by anyone of a contrary mind. The church, like the town, was based on the principles of unity and exclusiveness; in the beginning the two institutions were virtually synonymous. Political harmony, reflecting this uniformity, stemmed from "voluntary restraint on the part of all concerned."

The disappearance of this pristine world was inevitable. The forces bringing on its demise were overwhelming: secularism and the divergence of town from church, social fragmentation, political change (Dedham "passed into an age in which the majority, not the consensus, ruled"), population growth, land scarcity and, as immobile villagers became propertyless, class stratification. "Change had merely returned this part of America to much the same sort of economic, social, political, and religious pluralism that had been characteristic of England and to some degree of all western Europe since the end of the middle ages." The Revolution came when American colonists refused to accept this grim reality.

The narrative of decline and consequent revolt featured by Greven and Lockridge stands in stark contrast to the message of *Peaceable Kingdoms*, Michael Zuckerman's analysis of eight Massachusetts towns during the first three-quarters of the 18th century. "The old ideal of uniformity was affirmed as often in the last decades before independence as it had been earlier," according to Zuckerman. "Within the community itself, pluralism never did prevail before the American Revolution." Indeed, it was unity which had fostered local sovereignty, the very principle that the colonists went to war to preserve. The Spirit of '76 was conservative, not in the sense of retrieving a lost utopia but preserving a present practice.

In a carefully argued and gracefully written book, one less dependent on statistical evidence than the other three, Zuckerman demonstrates that the distinction of the New England village was neither democracy nor a regard for individual rights but "a broadly diffused desire for consensual communalism." Consensus had been a feature of life in Massachusetts since its founding, but it was at first coercive and only later accommodative. The shift in attitude took place in the town, which did not become "the locus of effective authority in the province" until the 18th century, when scattered settlement and a new charter (1691) undermined the power of the General Court in Boston. The waning of central authority was coincident with

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the decline of Puritanism, but the loss of a unifying purpose (the creation of the New Jerusalem) did not invalidate the commitment to orthodoxy and harmony. Rather, the later generations had to achieve these goals by different means which, on the local level, proved to be the principle of widespread consent.

Communal authority was vested, therefore, in an institution whose functioning was dependent on consensus: the town meeting. (The family and the church, however, were also important agents for implementing "monolithic moral unity.") A necessary element of concord was a broad franchise, which eliminated deference based on birth or other customary status. But this participatory democracy was not so radical as some historians have suggested, in view of the fact that dissent was socially inappropriate and politically ineffective.

That there is some discrepancy in these portraits of New England town life is due, in part, to the divergent perspectives of the historians and the differences among the towns under scrutiny. More important, however, is the basic fact that the statistics, which reveal a wide spectrum of society, speak with less unity than the literary sources, which divulge the thoughts of only one class. Now that the literary sources are being supplemented by statistical evidence, our understanding of colonial life is richer, fuller, and decidedly more accurate. And what is also clear from these studies, taken individually and collectively, is that the New England town exists rather differently in patriotic memory than in fact. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Paul Williams completes his direction of *The Revolutionary* with one of those stop-motion frames that signal the audience to decide for itself how the story should end—in this case, will the idealistic youth throw his booby-trapped shopping bag at the cynical old mayor, or will he not? The film is made from a novel by Hans Koningsberger, which perhaps ends in the same way, but as it develops on the screen, it is singularly ill-suited to the do-it-yourself denouement. The data are insufficient for relevant speculation.

I have considerable respect for the evident intent and much of the achievement in this picture, but it does seem to me to be floating disconcertingly loose in its framework. The purpose was not merely to create a generalized situation known as "there," but to demonstrate the idea of revolution abstracted from a defined *status quo* of any sort. Thus Jon Voight, playing the title role, is known only as "A" and the scene is not identified as to time and place. That should not trouble us too much—after all, there has been Kafka—but the style of the picture is not anonymous, and one keeps looking for clues (the name on a beer pull, the masthead of a newspaper, a street sign) to give the location a name.

Similarly, events of specific social content seem to be taking place, but we always arrive after the issues have been stated and when various actions, whose appropriateness we are in no position to judge, are being argued. With scene and circumstance thus deliberately fogged, the film must rest on character and Jon Voight comes forward with a performance for which the shorthand definition is tour de force. As usual, that means a characterization that is visually very interesting, with meticulously developed quirks and a close attention to detail. "A" is a rather lumpish youth of good family, with an awkward, rolling walk and steel-rimmed glasses, who has renounced his advantages and adopted the style and habits of the penniless student. He

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derives his convictions less from experience than from the basic literature of radicalism, and in what seem to be the few days of the action—time is another ambiguity in this picture—has moved from the loquacious liberalism of the university, through the hierarchic radicalism of the workers' clubs to an opportunistic terrorism based on the efficacy of creating extreme incidents. This last position is embodied in a richly mustachioed mysterious stranger named Leonard II (Seymour Cassel) who has a disturbing trick of leaping and curvetting like a lethal Peter Pan. Since "A" is offered to us as an impressively well-read and well-motivated young man, impatient with rhetoric and gesture, his rapid ideological evolution, and particularly his infatuation with the provo tactics of the irresponsible Leonard, are a little hard to assimilate.

But in fact *The Revolutionary* is a somewhat slippery portrait. "A" is both a logician and a big baby, both prudent and reckless, both an ascetic and a ready lover (the women in the picture, Jennifer Salt and Collin Wilcox-Horne, never emerged for me as much more than agents of "A's" need to be mothered and mated). If he were not a bit shifty, he would be more than a bit trite, and we should all be remarking that Dostoevsky had a better grasp of the essential revolutionary. Nevertheless, by insisting that, quite aside from details of place and issues, there is a revolutionary cast of mind that sets its own imperatives, the picture offers a template by which to gauge turmoil of more specific substance. The formulas of confrontation will probably not balance unless one allows for a recurring catalytic factor, which in this case is designated "A."

Joe, directed by John Avildsen from a script by Norman Wexler, is a consistent picture—it shows contempt for everyone. The working class in Queens is sneered at for its faulty speech, gauche manners and banal taste in domestic interiors; account executives on Park Avenue are seen to be clammy with self-loathing and snappish toward their lacquered wives. The middle aged are sodden with impotent hatred of the young, and the young are corrupt, dishonest and as treacherous as adders. What the producers think of the audience is not stated, but on the evidence one may suppose that Mr. Avildsen and Mr. Wexler judge us to require no vestige of plausibility in plot or human relationships as long as we are stimulated by lashings of outré sex and crazed violence.

The picture opens with the beating to death of one noisome hippie by the father of his girl friend; it ends with hippies running on stage in squads and platoons to be mowed down by the automatic weapons of Middle America. This is shrewd work, in a way, depending for its attraction on negative empathy. No matter what form your bigotry takes, the screen presents an object on which to focus your hatred, presented in terms of such theatrical hokum that no suggestion of human vulnerability intrudes on your lethal fantasies. The title role, played by Peter Boyle, is a vivid example of how contemporary social problems can be exploited (polarization as the new hula hoop). When Joe first appears, he is in a neighborhood bar, sounding off against niggers, young punks and mothers on relief. The audience laughs—not because what Joe says is remotely funny but because it recognizes Boyle as a comedian. He rests his round hat on his brows, his eyes are slightly strabismic, his face is deadpan, and he delivers his lines with the acute timing of a practiced monologist. This is obviously not a portrait but an act.

And the scene in which Joe and his hippie-bashing hero from Madison Avenue find themselves copulating with a redundancy of freaked-out chicks in a Greenwich Village pad is another act (a film these days must earn its "R" rating). Finally, the mass slaughter of kids in a Westchester commune is a shooting-gallery mock-up culminating in one of those coincidences for irony that make your teeth ache.

It would be easy to go on beating up *Joe,* but the energy would be misplaced. The film is no more than a commercial spin-off from the concerns engendered by today's social turmoil. And there is this to be said of it—unlike the pathologies it seeks to exploit, if you ignore *Joe,* it will go away. □

DRIVE-IN

Here is the cemetery of popcorn.
Speakerpost bones stand resurrect.
Cores of stars decompose.
Hundreds of plots project,
rising up like carbonation
from the eyes of lovers
phantomed and leveled in Pontiacs,
horizontal as credits.

Here is a whole archaeology
of glands.

David Kranes

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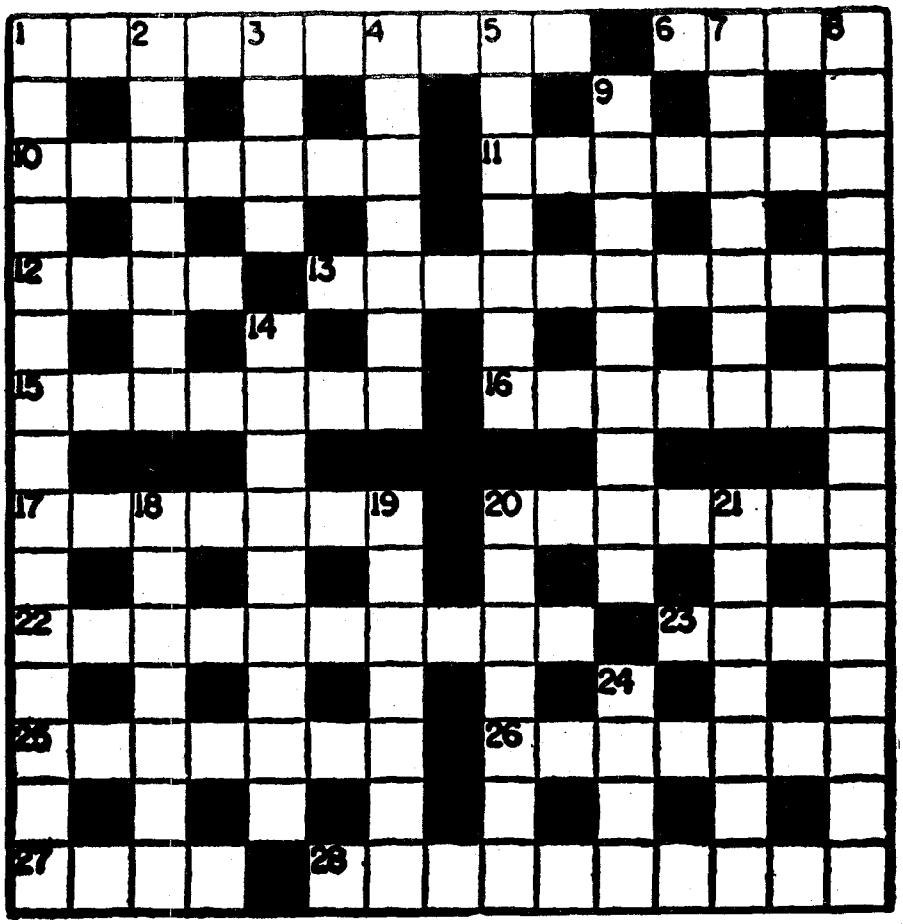

ACROSS

1 Prone to be proportionately distributed a little way inside. (10)
6 Sticks for hitting back? (Many an essayist has made one.) (4)
10 Puts too simple requirements for change of the new frontier. (7)
11 How to completely defeat counter-change? (7)
13 How to stifle a yawn if it's late? (10)
15 Such books sound as though they might be deadly. (7)
16 One might choose not to work like the clapper of a bell. (7)
17 First to last, it might be an ersatz pork product, such as they sling in the navy.
20 and 12. A violent change about the border? That's what made the old song. (3, 3, 1, 4)
22 You might call something like this a ball, as "Asleep in the Deep" should be. (3-7)
23 It isn't quite enough for Dame Sitwell to arrange for publication. (4)
25 True, in a distorted way, but the damage is done if you do. (7)
26 Have confidence in the label, I eventually say. (7)
27 Gets on the back of broken-down horses? (4)
28 A bad poet's has to, as one might be manipulated by them. (10)

DOWN

1 Those that bring parents their new math headaches? (7,8)
2 What one might play with a little finger and thumb? (7)
3 In translation, perhaps, a reasonably rapid run. (4)
4 Decorations, two for a buck? (7)
5 Are they listed as a composition of Steiner? (7)
7 Part of the Armored Corps gets around an obstacle reminiscent of a three-ring circus. (7)
8 Bounty introduced them to our hemisphere. (10,5)
9 Candy might be associated with an exclamation that makes the firedog go crazy! (4,5)
14 Both North and South representative of a clarion's appearance. (9)
18 Crying out in Shakespeare's first stage? (7)
19 Sometimes held by poker players to be responsible for extra points in another game. (7)
20 A number in the register feel anxiety or fear. (7)
21 Hearing one's relative is about to pass away? (7)
24 Cut loose with a slight mistake, possibly with potter's clay. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1354

ACROSS: 1 Promenade deck; 10 and 16 A matter of course; 11 Inuring; 12 Title bout; 13 Lisps; 14 Retake; 19 Promoter; 20 Snipes; 22 Lasts; 23 Electrify; 25 Present; 26 Icicles; 27 Butterfingers. DOWN: 2 Roast; 3 Mother knows best; 4 Narrow; 5 Drift off; 6 Double or nothing; 7 Chinstrap; 8 Batter up; 9 Ages; 15 Trousseau; 17 Essayist; 18 Defector; 21 Medici; 22 Laps; 24 Idler.

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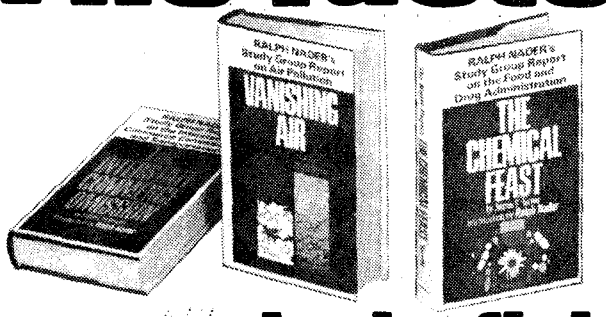
The facts you need



to win the fight you must not lose.

They come from Nader's Raiders.

110 young people—most of them law students—who believe implicitly in the power of work and study as a force for securing human rights.

Last year, these men and women came to Washington. They were looking for facts—not trouble—as they plunged into a probe of the Governmental agencies directly responsible for consumer welfare.

What they found is now told in three new books.

The Chemical Feast reveals how industry deception—and Government defeatism—endanger the food you eat.

Vanishing Air tells you why our war against pollution is doomed. Unless we first conquer industry/Government hypocrisy.

The Interstate Commerce Omission relates the incredible story of the agency that presided over a systematic erosion of your transportation services.

Don't look for glib generalities here. Or high-flown moralizing. These young people brandish nothing but the facts. They name names, get down to gut detail.

Their books will shock you. They may even shock you into action. Because it's your fight, too— and this is the information you need to win it.

Ralph Nader's Study Group Reports

On the Interstate Commerce Commission and Transportation
THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE OMISSION
by Robert Fellmeth
$8.95 Cloth Paper $1.45

On Air Pollution
VANISHING AIR
by John C. Esposito
$7.95 Cloth Paper $.95

On the Food and Drug Administration
THE CHEMICAL FEAST
by James S. Turner
$6.95 Cloth Paper $.95

Introductions by Ralph Nader

HENRY WELCH, while serving as FDA Antibiotics Division Director, edited two private drug journals financed by antibiotic drug manufacturers—and made a personal profit of $287,142.40 in eight years.

GENERAL MOTORS spends 10 times more for advertising each year than it invests in air pollution research. Its pollution research budget equals about 0.10% of its gross annual sales.

U.S. STEEL, given eight years to reduce pollutant emissions in Chicago, instead *increased* their total output by approximately 2000 tons per year.

REYNOLDS METALS' attitude on pollution? One company exexcutive, quoted by a Federal judge, said: "It's cheaper to pay claims than to control fluorides."

CONSOLIDATED EDISON of New York pays its Board Chairman more salary in a *single* year than it spent on pollution control research in the last five years.

MONSANTO manufactures and sells pollution control devices—but doesn't use them in its own factories.

KELLOGG's, together with General Foods, General Mills, and Quaker Oats, produces 85% of American breakfast food—at a profit nearly double the average for all food manufacturing.

LIPTON'S Beef Stroganoff, when prepared, contains approximately 20% beef. Under food standard regulations, the FDA has authority to require such a product to be labeled "imitation" Beef Stroganoff. But the FDA has not acted.

CALTEC CITRUS paid a fine of $6,000 when it was charged with adulterating and watering its orange juice. Estimated company profits as a result of this practice: $1,000,000.

CAMPBELL SOUP, according to its president, maintains an expensive soup tureen collection in order to counteract the bad image given the product by Andy Warhol's paintings. The cost of the collection is passed on to the consumer.

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